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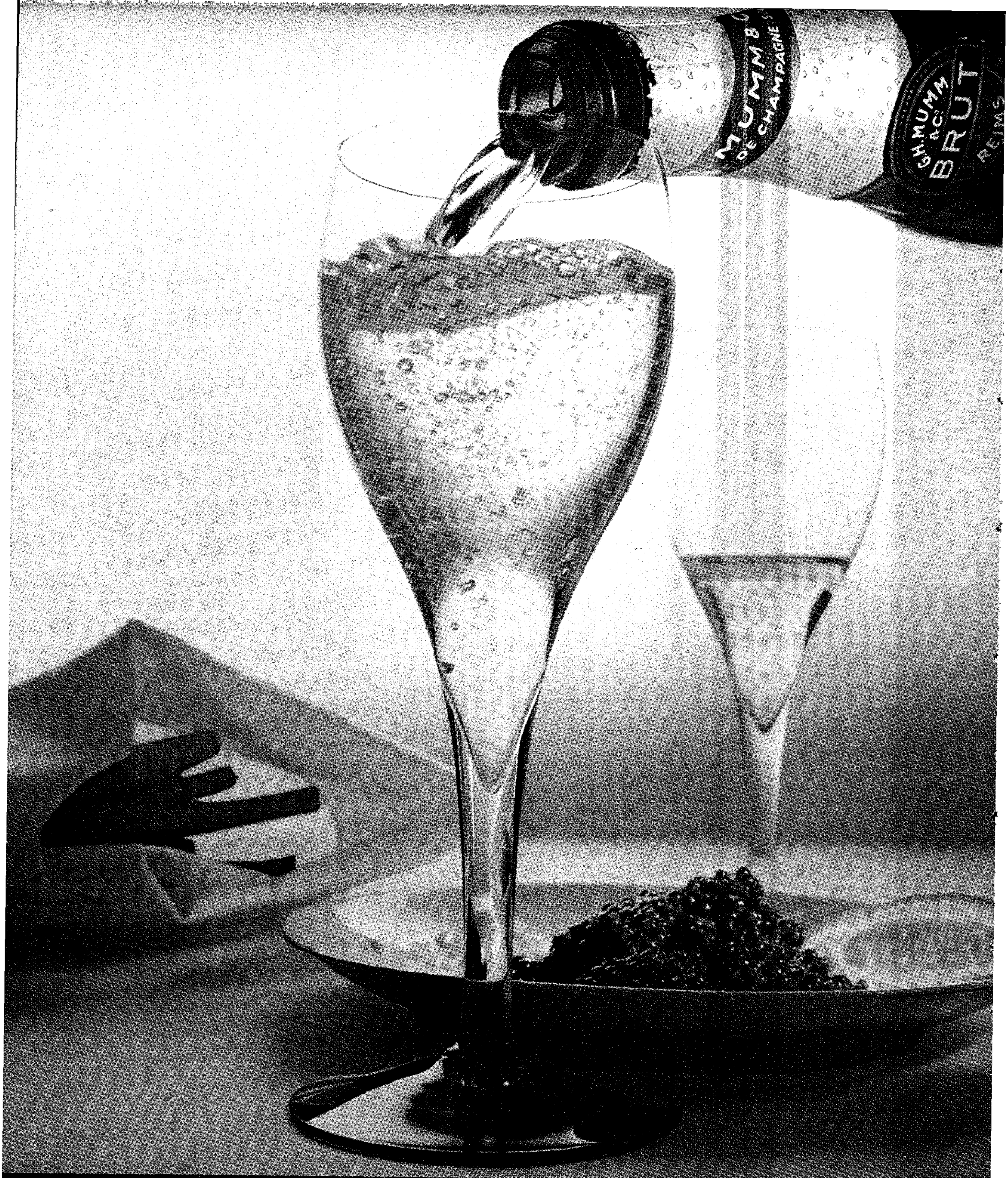
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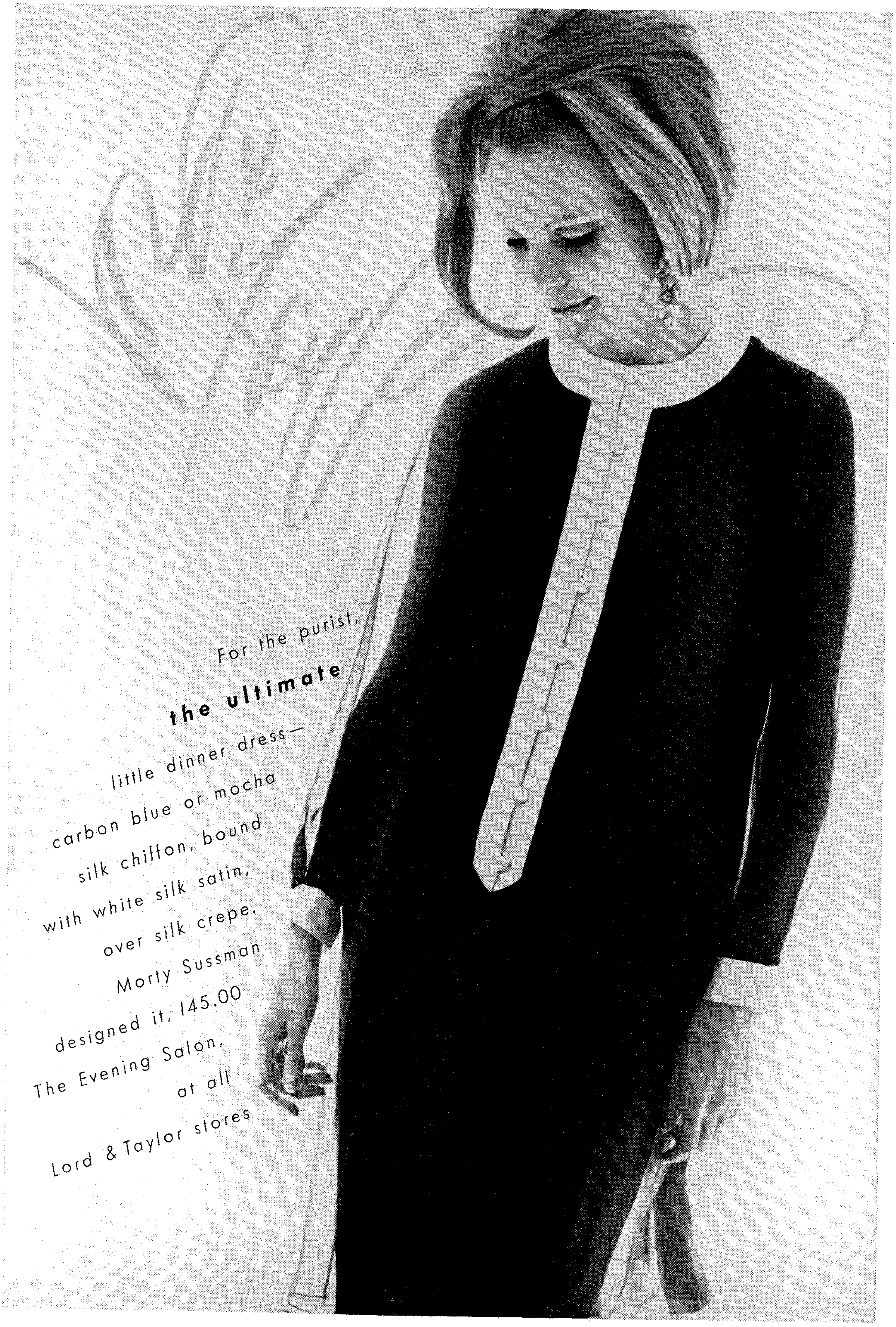

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Christmas holiday. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Richard Baldridge's WE COMRADES THREE, arranged from the works of Walt Whitman. Thursday, Dec. 22, and Thursday, Dec. 29, both at 8:30.... ¶ Pirandello's RIGHT YOU ARE: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ Sheridan's THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL: Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2:30, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

A Delicate Balance—A rich suburban family living empty, loveless lives is suddenly saddled with a couple of neighbors who are too scared (of something nameless) to stay in their own house and want to take up permanent residence with the family. This makes for a moral dilemma: Shall the family let them stay or put them out? Edward Albee's play is uneven, but it is fortunate in having the likes of Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy in its cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—A fairly lavish production of the Kaufman-Ferber drama dealing with the depressed days of the early thirties. The play has become a bit weary with the passage of time. The large cast includes Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Woody Allen exhibits much verbal dexterity in his farce about a Jewish family from Newark who are forced to take refuge in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are happily engaged in this one. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Investigation—Excerpts from the court records of the trial of some of the personnel of the Auschwitz concentration camp. As prepared by Peter Weiss, the dossier is documentary rather than dramatic, but it is an interesting theatrical creation. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

The Killing of Sister George—There isn't much that is amusing in this play by Frank Marcus, which has to do with Lesbianism and soap-operatic activities at the B.B.C., but Beryl Reid is convincing as a profane and muscular old party. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Sweet Charlie—David Westheimer's gentle, not too persuasive drama about a cultured Negro and a poor-white hoyden who meet while taking refuge in a summer cottage on the Gulf of Mexico, and learn to put aside racial prejudices. Louis Gossett and Bonnie Bedelia, who play the couple, were directed by Howard Da Silva. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino in a revival of the Tennessee Williams play. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... CACTUS FLOWER: Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS: A comedy in which Sam Levene appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)... LUV: A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... THE ODD COUPLE: A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... WAIT UNTIL DARK: A thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performances Christmas at 8:30 and Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 31.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon's new comedy, in which Anthony Perkins, Connie Stevens, and Richard Benjamin serve as the whole cast. Directed by George Axelrod. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—All about Eve and a couple of other females in a triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Barbara Harris is splendid as the most conspicuous performer on view, and Alan Alda and Larry Blyden lend her a deft hand. Mike Nichols directed, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick did the book, music, and lyrics. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A formidable production that serves to show how things were just before the Nazi takeover in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can with the music, lyrics, and book. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter" in a rather saccharine adaptation by Tom Jones, which is buoyed up tremendously by Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. The play has music and lyrics by Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones, and some imaginative sets by Oliver Smith. The direction, by Gower Champion, is eminently satisfactory. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Joyful Noise—John Raitt has a fine big voice, and Swen Swenson is an excellent dancer, but their talents aren't enough to make this musical about country folk in Tennessee anything but humdrum. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7050. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Mame—This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walking Happy—Life in the Midlands of England in the eighteen-eighties. Apparently it was grim. The songs and lyrics, by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn, are not distinguished, and the choreography, by Danny Daniels, is hoedown style. Norman Wisdom, George Rose, and Louise Troy figure prominently, the last very prettily. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... FUNNY GIRL: Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) HELLO, DOLLY!: Ginger Rogers now has the role of Fanny Burney. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... SWEET CHARITY: Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sun-

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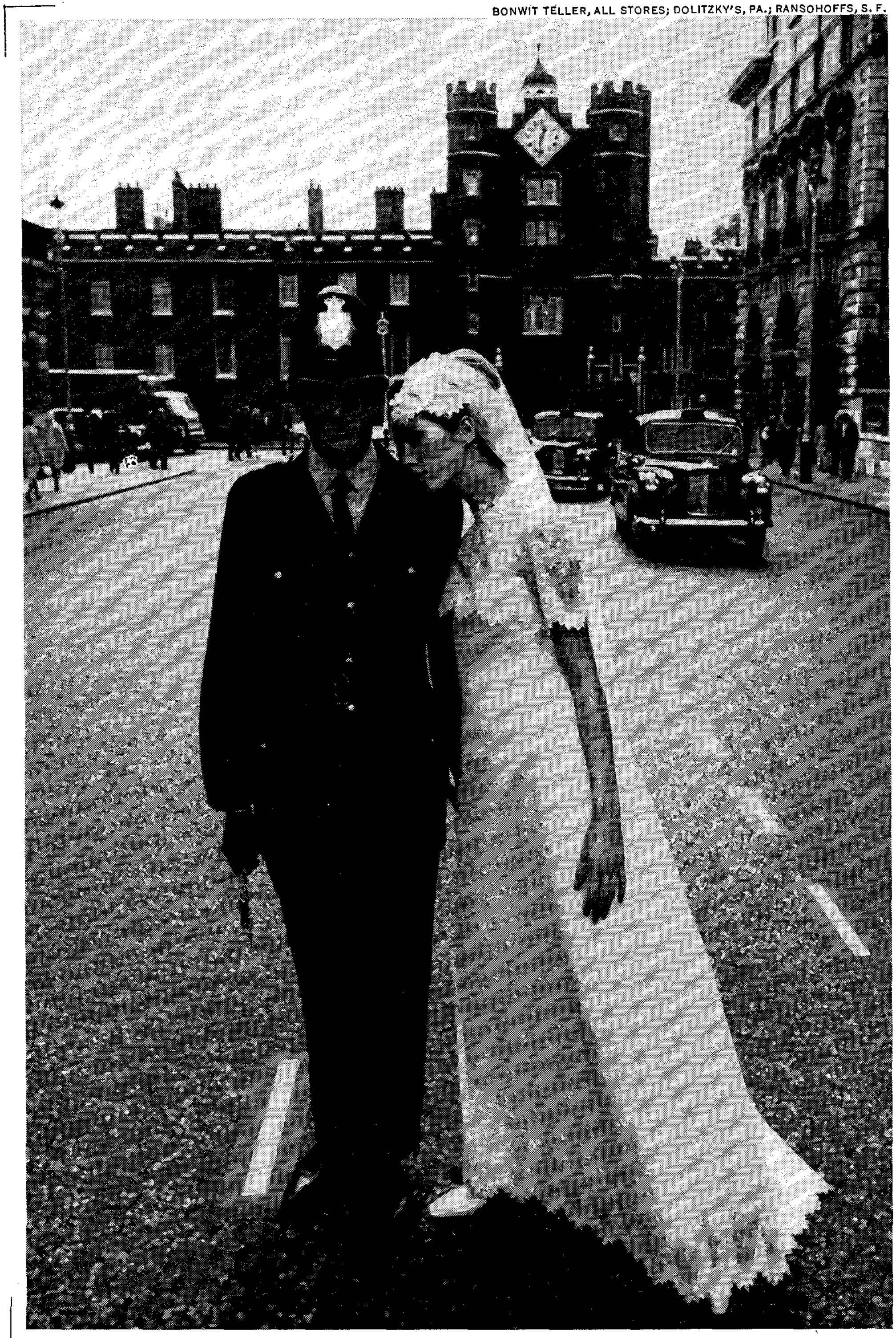

HOW DO YOU MARRY A COP?

NORMALLY, IN A HOUSE OF BIANCHI WEDDING DRESS.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

days, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... WAIT A MINIM!: A musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of youngsters interpret native songs and dances. Reopens Monday, Dec. 26, after a week's vacation. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

At the Drop of Another Hat—A limited engagement of a new edition of the London revue created and performed by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. Preview Monday, Dec. 26. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 27. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY: Final performances of a three-week holiday revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's CAROUSEL, with Bruce Yarnell, Constance Towers, Nancy Dussault, Patricia Neway, Jack De Lon, and Michael Kermoyan. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30; Christmas at 1 and 6; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 27-29, at 2:30; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 30-31, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Gloria Foster, Frank Langella, and Maria Tucci in Lorca's YERMA (translated by W. S. Merwin). The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of AIDA. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:15, and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 7.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Autumn's Here!—A musical adaptation, by Norman Dean, of Washington Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Mondays through Fridays at 9, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28.)

The Fantasticks—A musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door. Chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Special performances Christmas at 6 and 9, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2:30.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical based on Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Ox Cart—A play by a Puerto Rican author, René Marques, translated by Charles R. Pilditch and directed by Lloyd Richards. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Sundays and Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 3.)

Three Hand Reel—The Irish Players in three plays adapted by Paul Avila Mayer from stories of Frank O'Connor. With Helena Carroll and John Cullum. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Viet Rock—A play (with incidental music) by Megan Terry. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 28.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Performances of THE NUTCRACKER are being presented through Saturday, Jan. 7. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 6:15; Friday, Dec. 23, at 4:15 and 8:15; Saturday, Dec. 24, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, at 1:15 and 5:15; Thursday, Dec. 29, at 2:15; Friday, Dec. 30, at 1:15 and 5:15; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 5.)

Ballets Africains—A troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0198. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Allegro," "Largo," "Pas de Quatre," "The Wind's Bride," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks Place, which is where it is. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Monday, Dec. 26, at 7:30, and Thursday, Dec. 29, and Saturday, Dec. 31, both at 8:30: "Orbs," "Junction," "3 Epitaphs," and "Duet."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 27, and Friday, Dec. 30, both at 8:30: "Orbs" and "Aureole."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2:30: "Orbs" and "Post Meridian." (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270.)

MISCELLANY

Let's Sing Yiddish—A Yiddish musical adapted from Jewish folklore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. CI 5-3430. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Salzburg Marionette Theatre—Seven performances of Mozart's opera THE MAGIC FLUTE. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Dec. 23, and Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, all at 8, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 7:30.)

Bil Baird's Marionette Theatre—A one-week engagement of the musical DAVY JONES' LOCKER, plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Dec. 24, through Saturday, Dec. 31, at 11:30 and 3; on Christmas at 12:30 and 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box resumes its career on Tuesday, Dec. 27, to accommodate Pearl Bailey, one of our finest trumpeter swans, who will declaim during dinner and supper (though only at midnight on New Year's Eve). The orchestra of Lee Evans will return to action along with Miss B.

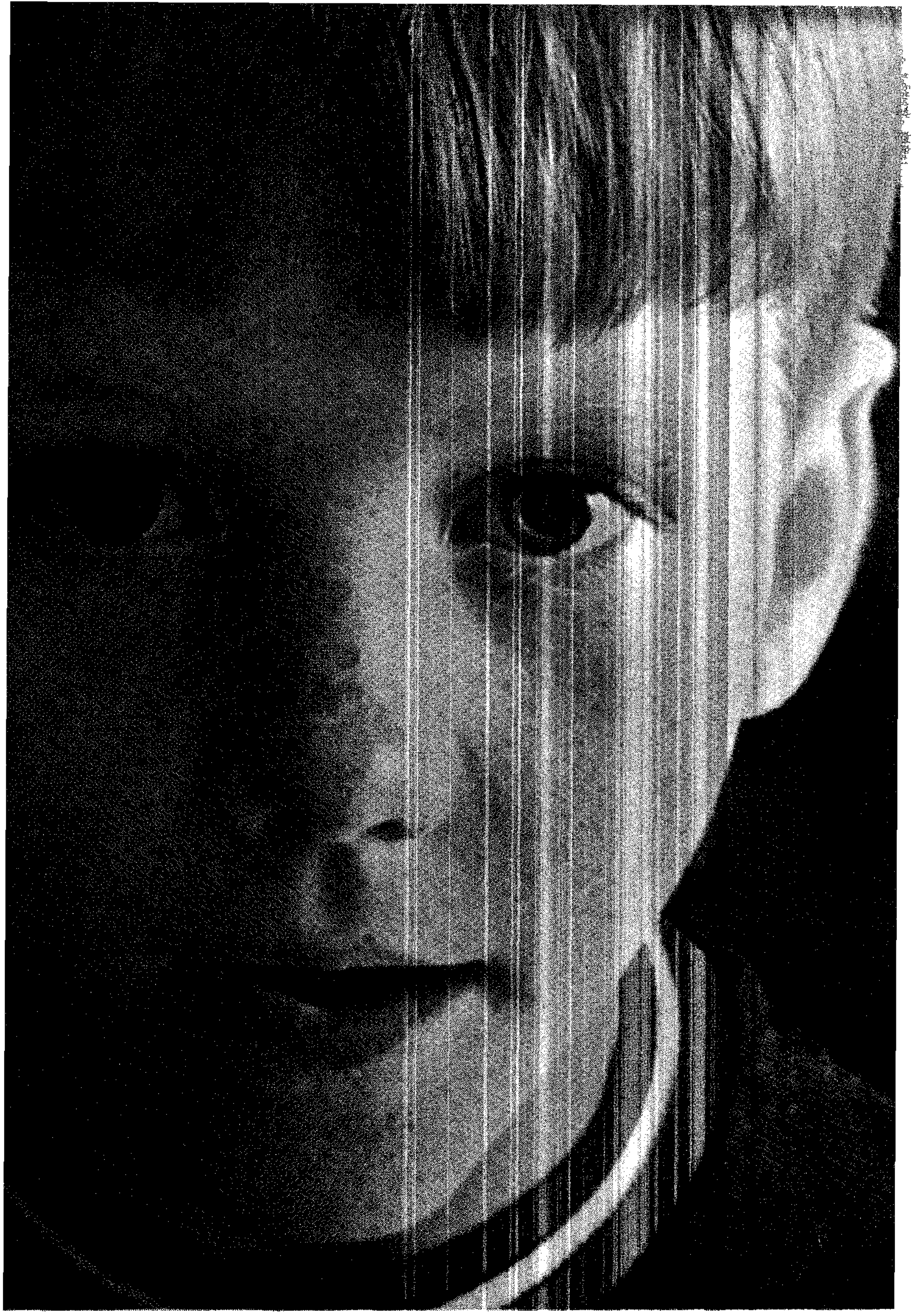
Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—It takes all kinds of people to make a *boîte de nuit*, and here they are, making it, New York style. One of them is Sonny Kendis, whose piano and band have lately been restored to metropolitan life. Nine to two during the week and nine to three on Saturdays. No music Sundays. Black tie New Year's Eve.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Peace on earth is apt to be the motto for the restaurant, even if a bunch of Cubans under the thumb of George Anaya keep toying with dance tunes, which they do between seven and one on weekdays, between eight and two on Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The name's the same, the pet zebras and the pet palm trees are the same, but new customers keep trying out for the cast, which still, though, contains some of the original troupers. The two dance bands are on duty from eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The musicians assembled by Ben Cutler (probably old co-members of the Fence Club) walk softly but carry a big repertory through the kempt and well-brought-up Café Pierre, and they do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar, most often Andalusian, fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—One of the characters who appear in the Persian Room twice an evening (but only at twelve-forty-five New Year's Eve) is Tony



LISTEN TO A CHILD

And he will teach you something
of love, faith and wonder.
Listen, and you will learn from the child
what this old proverb suggests.

If there is right in the soul,
There will be beauty in the person;

If there is beauty in the person,
There will be harmony in the home;

If there is harmony in the home,
There will be order in the nation;

If there is order in the nation,
There will be peace in the world.

To this hope, on this Christmas,
we rededicate ourselves.
And we wish you and your children
a joyful holiday season.

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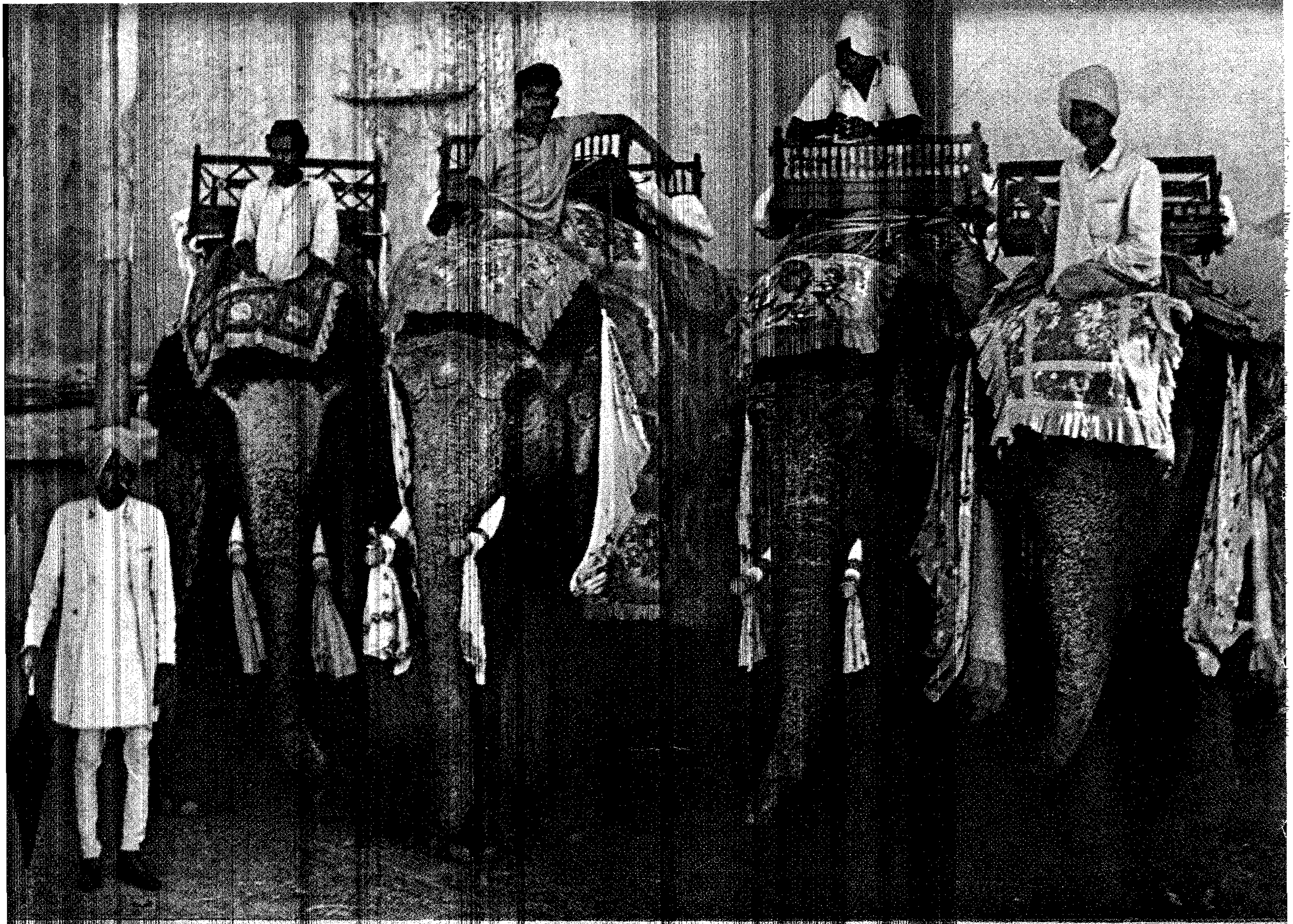

"The Amber Palace, and step on it."

If you ever go across the sea to India, you will be delighted at how simple it is to get about. You can hop a plane to almost every major city. You can take a train to almost every minor one. And for a handful of rupees, you can rent a car and not only get where you're going, but see quite a bit while you're getting there. (Our roads aren't four-lane highways, but they are straight and well-paved.)

Yet there is one place in our country where we think a visitor would choose the old-fashioned mode of travel instead of the modern one.

This is at the Amber Palace, just outside the beautiful city of Jaipur.

A regular taxi can get up the steep, wiggly road to the Palace in a little under 5 minutes. An elephant taxi does it in a half hour. Take the elephant taxi. It's more fun.

Bumpity-bump, clompity-clomp you'll go, up the narrow, cobblestone trail, laughing, joking, taking in the view, taking shots of the people on the elephant behind you (who are taking shots of you), having the time of your life.

When you reach the top you'll get off and look around. The Palace, though over 300 years old, is still a beautiful thing to behold. There are great silver-plated doors. Rooms rich with mosaics and marble work. Giant sandstone pillars surmounted by fine carvings.

Spend an hour and take it all in. By that time your taxi will be rested and you can start the happy trip down.

For more information on taxis, hotels, restaurants, expenses, anything to do with travel in our country, see your travel agent, or write to us: Government of India Tourist Office: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Sandler, a most seemly singer from overseas. The banter he is required to exchange with one or two American consorts will win no Prix Goncourt, however. The rest of the time is in the hands of Burt Farber's orchestra and Mark Monte's band. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room, which on New Year's Eve will become a dance floor after ten.... ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight (ten on New Year's Eve) and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Life begins at sixty-five—the floor on which this aerie exists. It is a life filled with vigorous but harmless showmanship—Jonah Jones blowing the brass knuckles off his trumpet, the Jones drummer laying down tremendous barrages, and the Teachers (newcomers to the trade) really marching when they play that song about the saints. Fun (and dancing) is had by all. The clamor runs from seven until one-thirty. The Teachers withdraw on Saturday, Dec. 24, and on Monday, Dec. 26, the band run by Vaughn Monroe, in person (not a late late movie), will be added to the cast. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The art of dancing to the big, bold, brash brass bands out of the American past is preserved on the premises by loving curators. The curator in charge at the moment is Count Basie. Listening is permitted, too, as long as it's not overdone. The music runs from eight to two; no sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Prime of life is what the Maisonette is enjoying. George Cort's four-wheel-drive band and Quintero's opulent Latins carouse without cease except during the dinner and supper recitals by Chad Mitchell, who represents truly free enterprise in the manner of choosing, arranging, and singing of songs. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, drifts placidly through its dinner and supper menu with Janì Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He ticks and tocks from six to two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Royal Canadian Family Lombardo, whose orchestrations are arrayed like Solomon in all his, etc., return to the Empire Room on Tuesday, Dec. 27, and stay there through Friday, Dec. 30. New Year's Eve, they play the Grand Ballroom before vanishing for good.... ¶ In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Mondays and Tuesdays, and from four to ten Wednesdays through Fridays. The trio that plays for dancing from approximately eight to one goes on holiday after Friday, December 23.

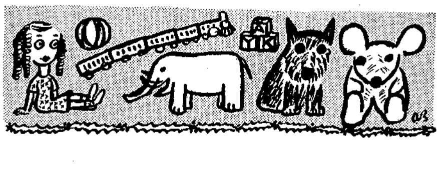
Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A perfect solution of the traffic problem, for any number can dance on the city's largest mall, where the participants are always on their best behavior. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Sundays begin at three-thirty in the afternoon, and Monday, Dec. 26, will begin at two-thirty. A gaggle of professional dancers put on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. The dining is no more than snack.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The crossroads general store of Louis Golson Hawkins, whose stage and pianoforte name is Goldie. Talk, big and small, and music from the fingers of Mr. H. and his confreres, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton, provide continuous motion; the climax is a double-piano cannonade by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders after the theatre. Closed Saturday through Monday, Dec. 24-26.... **LA GALERIE,** 798 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St. (752-0520): Secret swingers, non-secret swingers, the Syosset set, the Sausalito set. Moth-and-flame piano is contributed by Ralph Strain, who helped invent this sort of environment. He is there from nine on, except Sundays. Closed Christmas Eve.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week. Closed Saturday through Monday, Dec. 24-26.... **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): There's a noticeable amount of jump in this oasis of Second Avenue rectitude when Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, airs lyrics for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in world capitals. The jazz of Marian McPartland's threesome makes a good counterpoint. Closed Christmas.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time.... **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of Aldo Bruschi's *basso profundo/robusto* will hear it here (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, except on Christmas Eve, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Chicken fortissimo, veal viva-voce are served up by the energetically operatic staff until late at night. Closed Mondays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week nights and at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at eight. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways have not changed at all. Béla Babai's band plays for musing and dancing; the gallant tenor of Tibor Rakossy augments the ambience. Closed Mondays.

Note—The discothèque, that flamboyant lotus blossom, is best represented by these establishments: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Not everyone can take the vows requisite for entrance into the lamasery, where (to the urging of mechanical sonic boom) the dancers, of varying degrees of fame, make the rites of what should now be winter look exactly like the rites of spring. An earthbound element, the troupe called the Wild Ones, also creates music, or does it? Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Basically an after-the-theatre theatre very much in the round. The principal of the school is Tanya Everett, earlier in the evening of "Fiddler on the Roof," and the fun is trying to follow her lead when she takes the floor. Most of the music is non- (or in-) human, but the Four Wheels and a Spare try to compensate for that. The clothes are young and foolish, which is par in this trade. Bring your own supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath the sidewalk café of the same name lies an airy underworld whose Orpheus is a young man with two turntables. His Eurydices are mostly lovely young things turned out in the height of the new simplistic fashion. Nourishment from the café; gentle music from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night.... **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite visible late-dinner menu, not too audible machine-knit music, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sunday.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The epitome, or something very much like it, of drawing-room life, the most important part of which is Cy Walter's piano, which picks and chooses with consummate care. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his tour of duty. Sundays, Allan Haig is his lieutenant.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin within the portcullis of this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. Closed Christmas and Monday, Dec. 26.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The residents of the walled herbarium love to sing about marriage Italian-style in the mood and manner of Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al., et tu, Brutus. In addition, on Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston's platform manner turns him momentarily into Shakespeare, Kipling, and a few more mythical characters, and Thursday through Saturday every week there are modest interludes of dance music by the trio of Leonard Metcalf, who is the operatic impresario the rest of the week. Closed Mondays and Christmas.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of conversation. These dulcet citizens are armed with mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): They don't make town houses like this anymore. In the bar of the museum piece, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays.... **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo's guitar, which roams the elaborate bar-restaurant, comes alive at nine-thirty, and stays very much alive until one. He remains home Mondays and Wednesdays.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose well-considered piano occupies the noble Casino-on-the-Park from six-thirty until midnight, departs this pleasant sort of life on Friday, Dec. 23.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Royal-enclosure is the mood of the place, and serendipity is the mood of George Feyer's piano. The music goes on from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for conversational dining while self-propelled musicians (the knowing Herman Honigsberg and his troupe of violinists) play on, play on. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine until one. No musings Mondays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112

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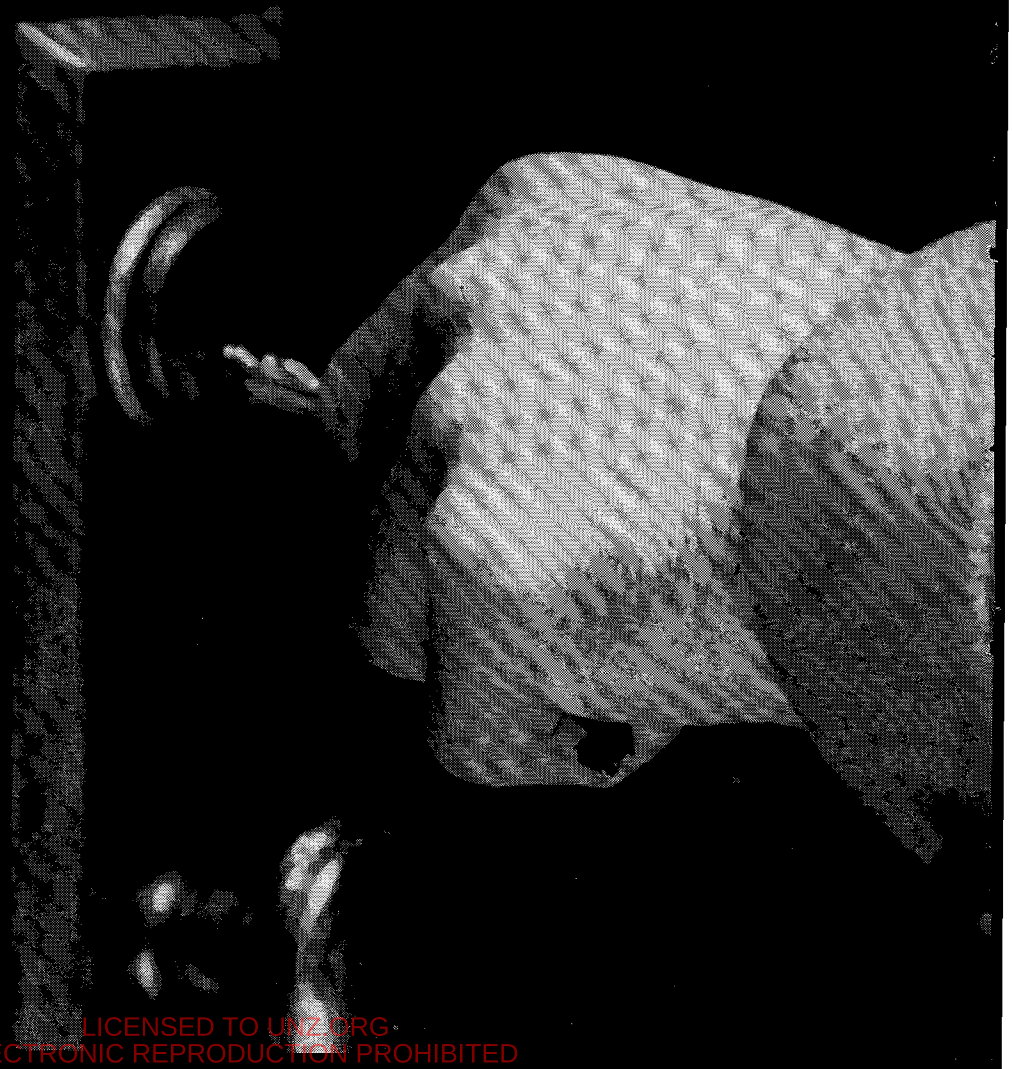

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent whose name and number is UN 1-9494) The trappings lead one to suspect that he is in a private car on the Orient Express, but the view from the windows, all of them upstairs ones, is Little Old New York. So is the six-to-one piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sound and fury, vim and vigor, hustle and bustle—this is Sammy Davis in action, and all of it signifies precisely what? The Copa ballerinas, under the capable song-and-dance guidance of Bill Selby, try out their beginners' luck in between the activities of Mr D. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge-bar, music purrs, sometimes like a tiger cat, from ten until it's time to bring in the milk . . . LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): An almanac devoted to the feminine gender, lavishly illustrated with living, breathing examples of the type. It is bound in Paris, the management says, even though the noble extravaganza includes a Hungarian ballet (don't look) and Totie Fields (do listen), who is American, ample, and point-blank amusing There are no nights off Dancing. . . . CHEETAH, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Nirvana and Lethe for the young at heart and the young in fact, all dressed up in their token post-Carnabies and all worked up by musicians who exist solely on Mexican jumping beans. There is no one to say them nay until three in the morning, and they begin at eight (even at three on Sundays) No kitchen privileges. Closed Mondays. . . . BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444). A bread-and-circuses affair that involves the Four Tops (it would be easy, and accurate, to say that their singing could make your head spin), Charlie Barnet's orchestra (from the out-of-the-past-performance charts), and Cathy Carr, who is pretty and has it in mind to be a warbler. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's regal theatre of the absurd—a world in which malice aforethought and such can be made to seem virtues. The workers of this wicked ingenuity are Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, those sly Cantabrigian foxes, and the glittery American Jeanne Arnold. If this is not enough reward, there is also the Swingin' Six, a curry of boy and girl voices that sounds better than almost anything else of the sort. The background is double and dashing piano by Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Closed Sundays. . . . CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Rosario and Esperanza Galán and their Ballet Español are a bunch of big, healthy Spanish girls quite capable of flinging caution and their heels to the winds, and for hour after hour. Dinner and supper is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," another of the bandbox revues that are this establishment's staple crop, takes after its parents and even its grandparents, yet a number of original biological sports appear in its libretto, and that's just fine. Judy Graubart is a neat bit of wide-eyed wistfulness; Robert Rovin and Larry Moss are the best of her helpmeets. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Milt Kamen, the Prides and Prejudices of the man in the street, speaks feelingly, wistfully, wittily for not just that man but for a lot of other people. He is in evidence a couple of times a night, but never before around ten. Sunday is his day at home. . . THE IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not infor-

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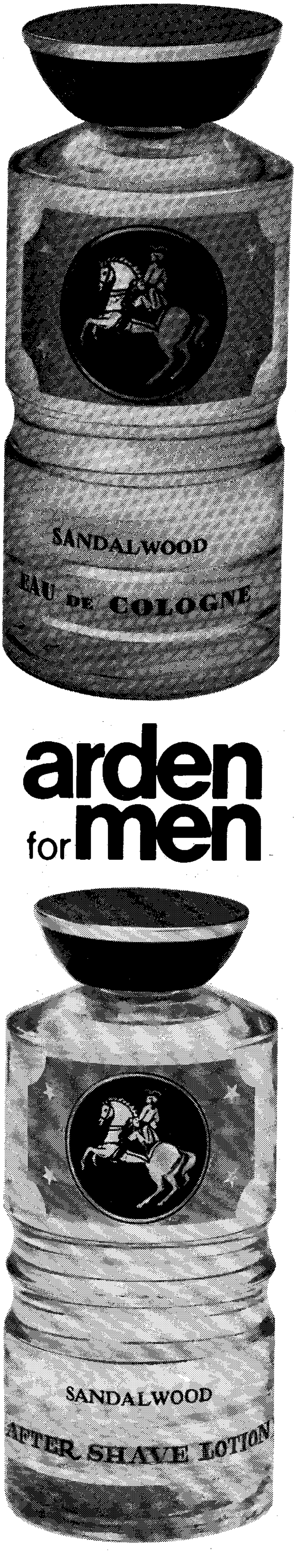


mal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mysterious are the ways of Thelonious Monk, whose own piano is not always sure what he's up to; plain as day, or night, are the belting ways of Carol Sloane when she chants. Joe Henderson's quartet is there, too. Open every night. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is doing a stand on its old home grounds. On Monday, Dec. 26, Jimmy Rushing and his sixteen-cylinder tenor will be added to the roster. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The triumphs of mind over matter that happen here are accomplished by the quintet of Donald Byrd. Mondays, another crew is activated. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): All joys and no tribulations in the period-piece music that happens here for both feet and ears. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna, and Bob Wilber. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome makes music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is his starting time. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three or four every night. Closed Christmas Eve. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Siss, boom, bah, repeated ad infinitum. Washboard, tuba, banjo, and such fill in the chinks in the young customers' clamor. Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music—currently the Yusef Lateef quartet, which has odd ways of putting things. On Tuesday, Dec. 27, Jackie McLean's quintet will take over. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire student body of the City of New York engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, often helped on by the stentorian chest tones of Ruth Crews, and so do movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; nine until the end of time is the schedule, except on Sunday, when the row begins at four. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Still the best of the Village coffeehouse-and-folk-foundry combinations. Leon Bibb, who goes far enough to consider Gershwin folk (and right he is!), lends a handsomely endowed voice to the cause. His night off is always Tuesday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; they will be closed Monday, Dec. 26. Some, as indicated, will be closed Saturday, Dec. 24, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES

BALTHUS AND ALBERTO GIACOMETTI—Drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Seven rugged sculptures of artists, four panels, and a sum of recent paintings; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Somewhat disturbing constructions, the focal point of each being a small head of man; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

BILL BOLLINGER—Three long and slender channels of aluminum; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

ADRIENNE BORDES—Paintings; through Jan. 7. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MINNA CITRON—"Prints and Things;" through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE COURTIN—Engravings and richly hued watercolors; through Jan. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT FINE—Collages and drawings; through Jan. 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

GEORGE GROSZ—Etchings, lithographs, and drawings (1911-22); through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St. Open Monday, Dec. 26.)

HANS HARTUNG—Paintings by this Paris abstractionist; through Thursday, Dec. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANN HELIOFF—Paintings; through Jan. 7. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MURRAY ISRAEL—Paintings based on a multiplicity of squares, one blindingly optical; through Jan. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

MURIEL KALISH—Figurative paintings; through Jan. 14. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Monday, Dec. 26, through Monday, Jan. 2.)

ROBERT LADEN—Mostly wood sculptures and assemblages; through Jan. 7. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI LAURENS (1885-1954)—Bronzes of robust, curvilinear women, along with a good sampling of his drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARC MORREL—Constructions; through Jan. 7. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—A sizable number of her naïve paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

GABRIELE MÜNTER (1877-1962)—Paintings on glass, woodcuts, etchings, lithographs, and collages; through Jan. 21. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT MURRAY—Five metal sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

COSTANTINO NIVOLA—The bulk of his showing here consists of bronze sculpture plaques; through Jan. 7. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

PHILLIP PAVIA—Abstract marble sculptures; through Wednesday, Dec. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

ATTILIO PIERELLI—Stainless steel sculptures; through Jan. 5. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK PIETRANTONIO—Sculpture-collages; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO RAMIREZ—Mainly white wood constructions; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

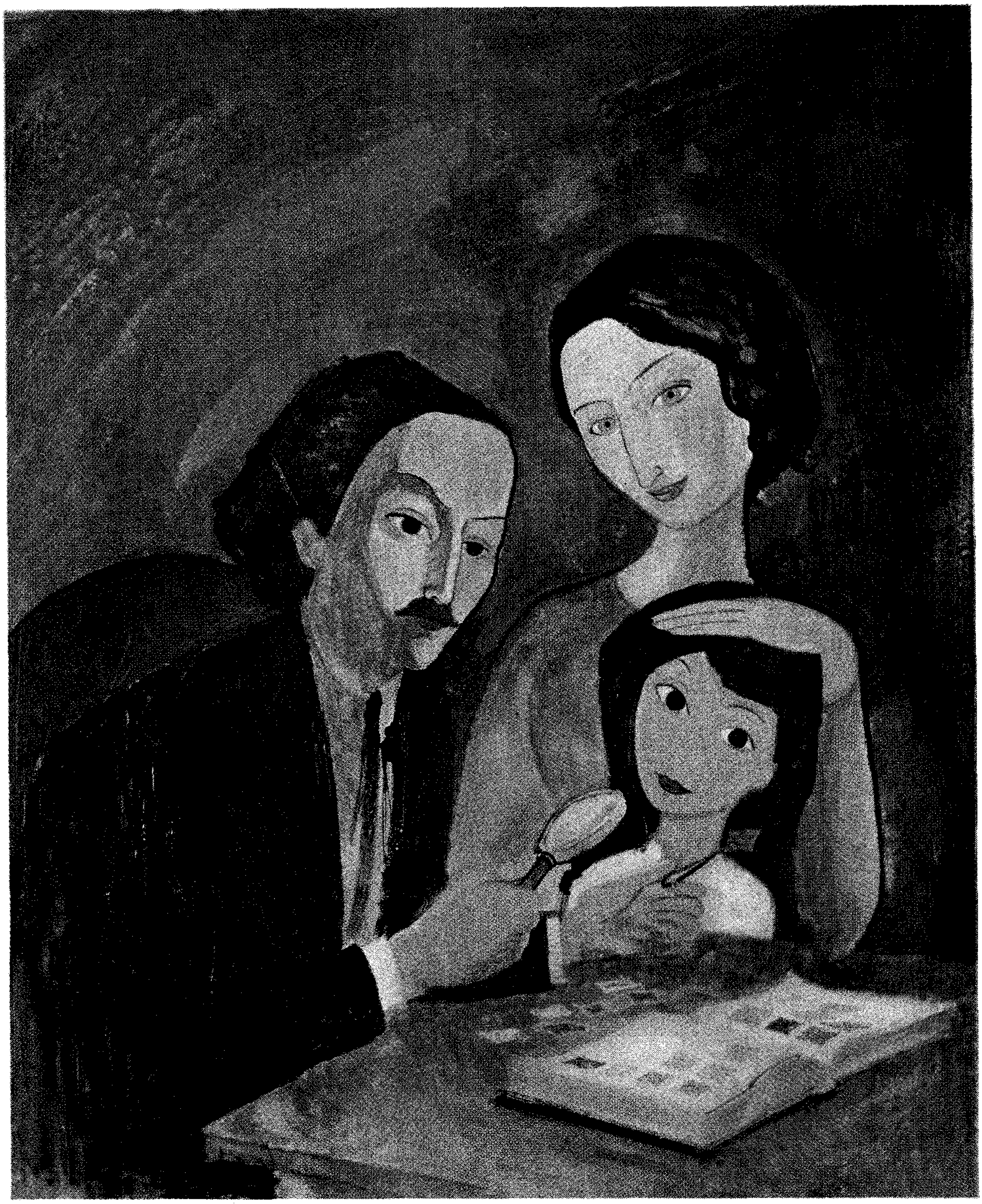
ABRAHAM RATTNER—A select group of color lithographs, executed in Paris this past summer; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LUCILLE SADWITH AND BERNARD SZNYCER—Glass sculptures by the first and miniature abstract bronzes by the second; through Jan. 7. (Sculpture House, 38 E. 30th.)

KARL SCHRAG—Chiefly his eighteen etchings for a new portfolio called "By the Sea;" through Jan. 5. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

IVAN SCHWEBEL AND DAVID BEN-SHAUL—"The Hills of Judea," fine, busy drawings by the former and more carefree pastels by the latter; through Jan. 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8:30; Wednesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5.)

SAUL STEINBERG—Line drawings and watercolors



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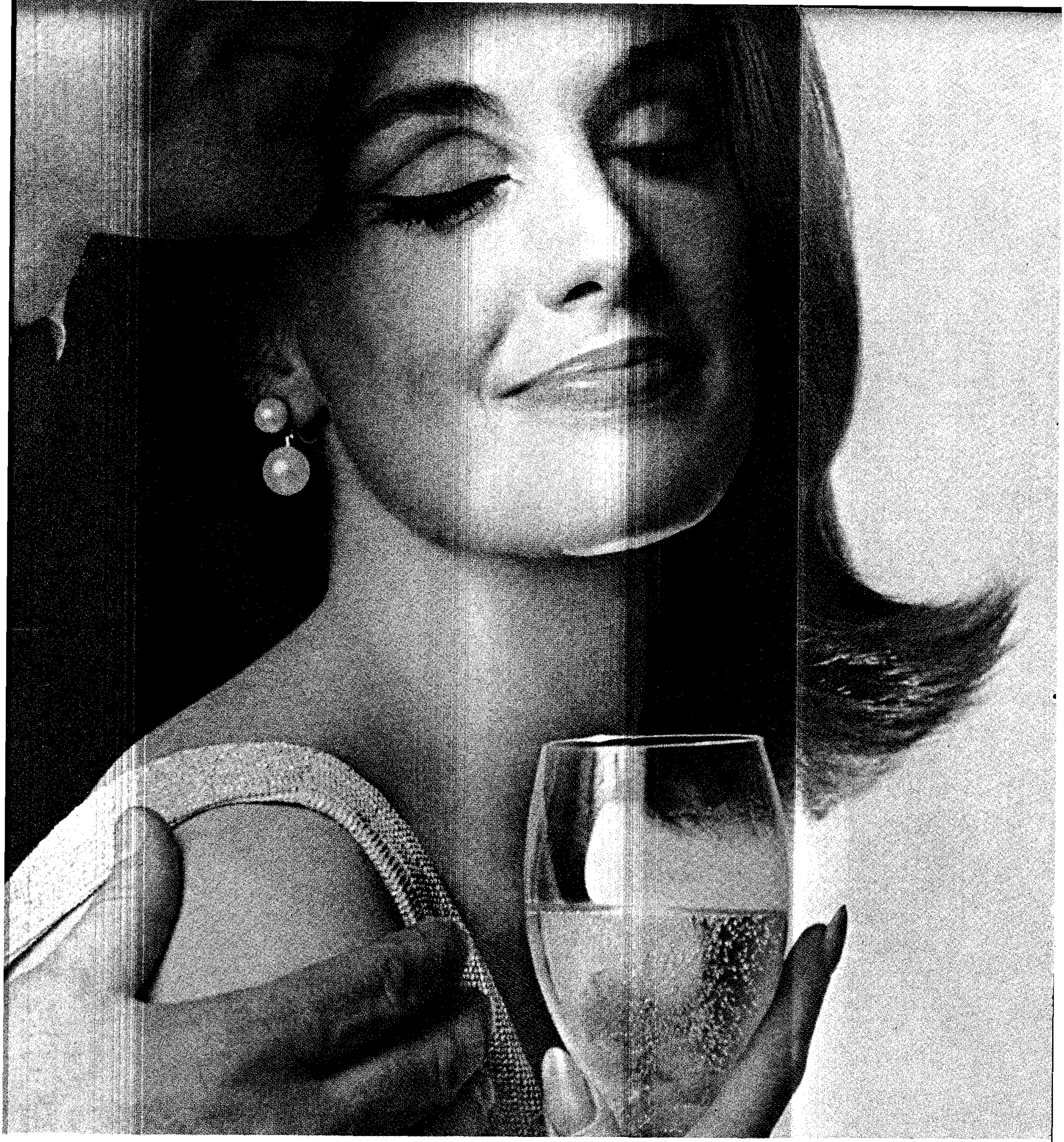

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touching upon the art world, the government, the city, and such; through Wednesday, Dec. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

James Wyeth—Portraits, quiet naturalistic scenes, and an eerie "Mushroom Picker;" through Friday, Dec. 23. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Treasures of El Dorado—A bright array of Colombia's pre-Hispanic gold art—small figures and animals, pendants, nose ornaments, and other objects; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Colombian Center, 140 E. 57th St.)

Drawings; Group Shows—At the **loeb student center,** Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway: Works by contemporary American artists, among them Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 6. (Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28-29, from 8 to 5.)... **odyssia,** 41 E. 57th St.: Examples by (for instance) Balthus, Giacometti, and Moore; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **aca,** 63 E. 57th St.: A holiday show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by William Gropper, John Kearney, Moses Soyer, and others; through Jan. 7.... **lewison,** 35 E. 64th St.: Albert Bierstadt, Leonard Ochtman, and Theodore Robinson are three of the artists represented in an exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Small paintings by Paul Cadmus, Isabel Bishop, Robert Vickrey, and others regularly associated with the gallery; through Saturday, Dec. 31.... **milch,** 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Stephen Etnier; through Jan. 14. (Closed Mondays.)... **nordness,** 134 E. 70th St.: David Aronson, Karl Zerbe, Milton Hebald, and such, in a display of small sculptures, paintings, prints, and drawings; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays.)... **peridot,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Alan Gussow, Stanley Bleifeld, and Fannie Hillsmith; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)... **white,** 42 E. 57th St.: Audrey Skaling, Andre Racz, and Jan Gelb are three of the artists participating in the gallery's tenth anniversary exhibition; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)... **willard,** 29 E. 72nd St.: Mark Tobey, Morris Graves, and David Hayes are among the artists exhibiting prints, drawings, paintings, and sculptures in a show celebrating the gallery's thirtieth anniversary; through Jan. 7. (Closed Mondays and Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **la boetie,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Camille Bombois, Lawrence Lebduska, Ivan Generalic, and so on, in a presentation of "International Naïve Art;" through Jan. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **jackson,** 32 E. 69th St.: Small sculptures and drawings related to them by, among others, Arp, Lynn Chadwick, and Frederick Kiesler; through Friday, Dec. 23.... **bertha schaefer,** 41 E. 57th St.: Steel, bronze, and white marble sculptures by (for example) Elisabeth Frink, Eduardo Chillida, and Joseph Konzal; through Jan. 14.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists as Corot, Monet, and Picasso; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **marlborough-gerson,** 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Chagall, Klee, and Mondrian (to name a few); through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"200 Years of Watercolor Painting in America," commemorating the centennial of the American Watercolor Society, presents enjoyable (on the whole) fare by A. J. Davis, Winslow Homer, Edward Hopper, and the like, with, secondarily, a selection by present members of the Society; through Jan. 29.... ¶ A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries

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on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings by Dürer, Rembrandt, Ingres, Picasso, and others, ranging from the fifteenth century to the present, from the Paul J. Sachs collection; through March 5. . . . ¶ "Art in the Mirror," takeoffs by our contemporary artists on the works of their predecessors, an example of which is Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning Drawing;" through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Seven portrait sculptures by Jacob Epstein, among them a striking one of Pandit Nehru; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; on Saturday, Dec. 24, until 5. Sundays, except Christmas, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Embryonic wheelbarrows, typewriters, scissors, and other day-to-day realities, seen in works (1962-66) by Jean Dubuffet; through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ "Wassily Kandinsky: Painting on Glass," marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth, allies the artist's small glass paintings, principally on religious subjects, with anonymous Bavarian folk glass art. Watercolors, drawings, and prints by Kandinsky complete the exhibit. Through Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, except Christmas, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The invitational 1966 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Prints—enormous playground sculptures (by, notably, Louise Nevelson, Ronald Bladen, and Giora Novak) dwarfing not-so-small sculptures and prints by nearly two hundred other artists, including Alexander Calder, José de Rivera, and Mauricio Lasansky; through Jan. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays—except Christmas—and Monday, Dec. 26, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fifteen *santos* paintings and sculptures, created by folk artists working in New Mexico in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, on loan for the Christmas season; through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ "Ancient Art of Latin America," items from the Jay C. Leff collection. There are miniature figurines, large ceramic figures and vessels from Mexico, small stone sculptures and lapidary work from the Gulf Coast, and wood sculptures from Peru. Through March 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays—except Christmas—and Monday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Etchings, watercolors, pastels, and oils by Childe Hassam; through Feb. 11. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 2 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Selections of Chinese Art from Private Collections in the Metropolitan Area," consisting of ceramics, sculptures, paintings, and jade objects from the Shang Dynasty to the eighteenth century; through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, prints, and constructions by the Argentine artist Antonio Berni; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, except Christmas, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of paintings and collages by Ad Reinhardt, containing brightly colored abstractions from the late thirties, monochrome paintings from the fifties and sixties, cartoons, and placards; through Jan. 15. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," a two-part fifteenth-century Dutch illuminated manuscript, with color transparencies of its miniatures; through Friday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Early Flemish drawings and manuscripts; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Dolls from the Samuel F. Pryor collection, mostly homemade of crabs' claws, hickory nuts, light bulbs, and whatnot, adjoining another loan exhibition of tin-wheeled toys; through Jan. 29. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Victorian Christmas": a staid living-room Christmas scene of the eighteen-eighties, complete with Victorian furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments, toys, and mannequins dressed in costumes of the period; through Jan. 2. (Mondays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—The Museum, now an almost oversized doll's house, holds (on loan) a disparate family of "People Figures," including Niki de Saint-Phalle's gargantuan nanas, William King's leggy tall men, and Carol Anthony's comic characters; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, except Monday, Dec. 26, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masks and Sculptures from the Collection of Gustave and Franyo Schindler," made up of examples from Africa, New Guinea, prehistoric Turkey, and the Greek Cycladic Islands; through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Etchings, lithographs, and engravings by Reginald Marsh that span city life from the burlesque houses to the Metropolitan Opera, along with a few by other printmakers of the time; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 10.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Teresa Stratas, Flaviano Labò, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 23, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 26, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Turandot," with Anita Valkki, Teresa Stratas, Flaviano Labò, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Nicola Ghiuselev. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Lohengrin," with Ingrid Bjoner, Christa Ludwig, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 8: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Joan Sutherland, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Nicola Ghiuselev. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Mary Costa, Roberta Peters, Kitty Carlisle, Arturo Sergi, John Reardon, Donald Gramm, and Jack Gilford. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, when Leonard Bernstein will direct, with E. Power Biggs, organ, and the Camerata Singers. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 28-29, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 30 at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Emil Gilels, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8:30.)

Christmas Eve and Holiday Concerts—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra—Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight: A Bach-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano; Paula Sylvester, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; Robert Nagel,

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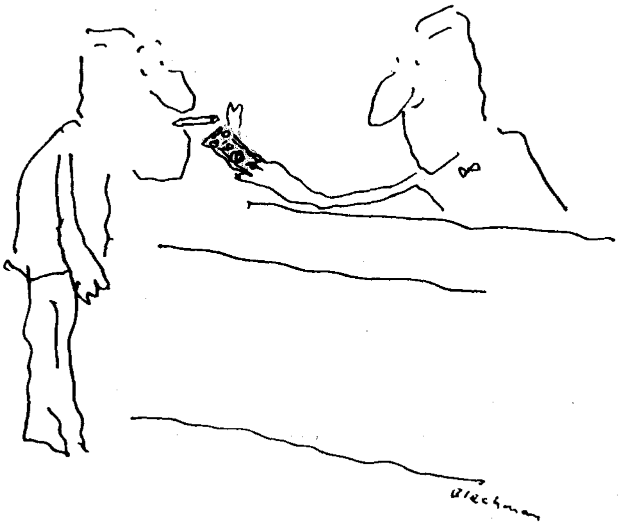

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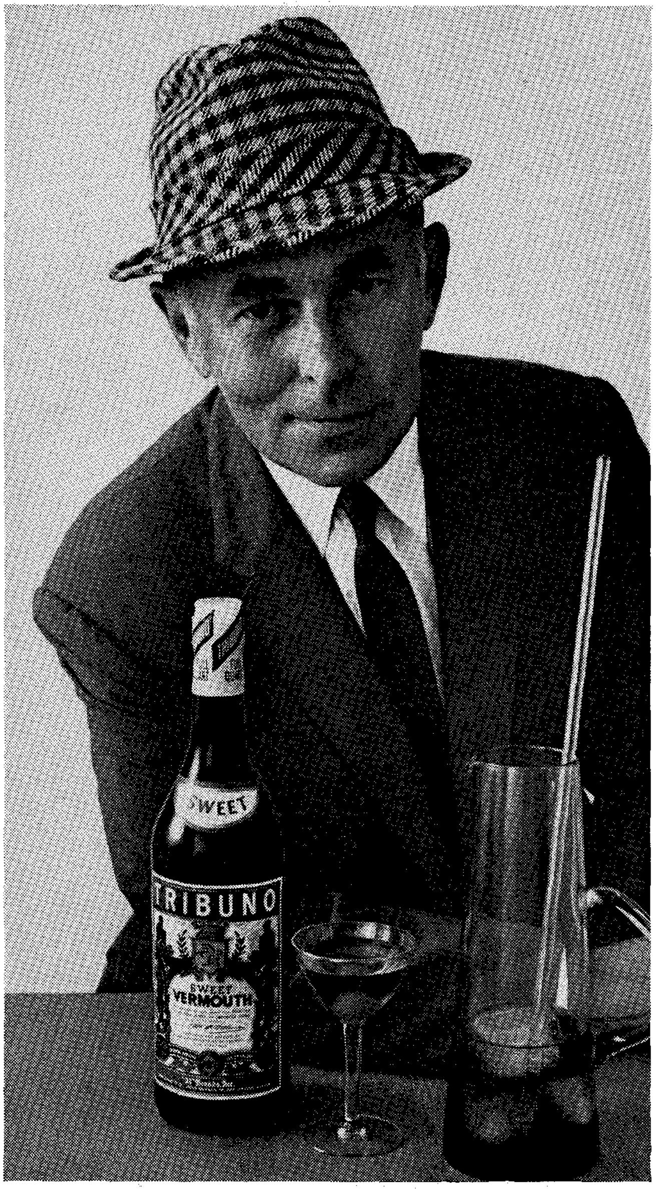

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trumpet; Robert Sylvester, cello; Robert Conant, harpsichord; and the conductor, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8:30: A Vivaldi-Haydn-Mozart program, with Jaime Laredo, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Loren Glickman, bassoon. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30: An all-Haydn program, with Mr. Nagel.

RECITALS

New York Pro Musica—A program of music of medieval France of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. (Fuentidueña Chapel, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Ravi Shankar—*Sitar, with* Alla Rakha, *tabla, in* two different programs. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in an all-Bach program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano, in a recital originally scheduled for Jan. 6. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—John Coltrane and Ornette Coleman's trio. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. GR 5-8400. Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 25, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 2: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 29, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Racing—At Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—"Babes *in* Toyland." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Dec. 27, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 2:30.)

Marionettes—**SALZBURG MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Snow White," Saturday, Dec. 24; Wednesday, Dec. 28; and Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "Rumpelstiltskin," Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Performances at 11:30 and 2.) . . . **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Davy Jones' Locker," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Dec. 24, through Saturday, Dec. 31, at 11:30 and 3; on Christmas at 12:30 and 4.) . . . **STOCKHOLM MARIONETTE THEATRE OF FANTASY:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Monday through Saturday, Dec. 26-31, at 11:30 and 2.)

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Princess and the Frog." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Christmas at 2, and Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . ¶ "Snow White." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 24-25, and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 1; and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 1 and 3.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays, and also Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays, and also Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Cinderella" and "The Mice in the Cellar." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-31, at 1:30.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 23-24, and Monday

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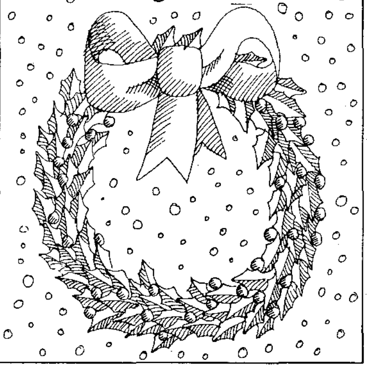

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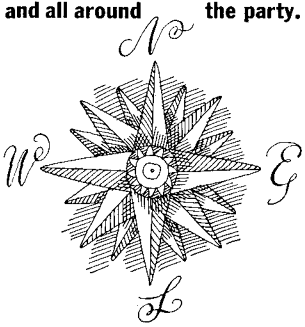
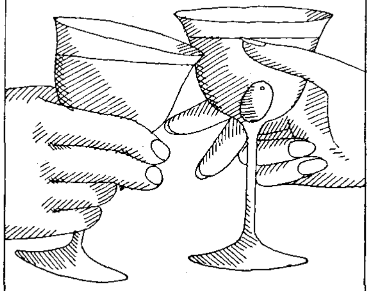


It's the holiday spirit.



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through Saturday, Dec. 26-31, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "Snow Queen." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 1, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 249-6978.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Mr. Scrooge." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Monday through Saturday, Dec. 26-31, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Santa's Magic Show," Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 2:30. . . . ¶ "Adventures of Pinocchio," Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 1:15 and 2:30. . . . ¶ "Comedy of Magic Show," Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 12:30, and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1 and 2:30. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Monday, Dec. 26, at 11 and 1. . . . ¶ "The Magic Fiddle," Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 11 and 3. . . . ¶ "The Secret Treasure Room," Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 11, 1, and 3. . . . ¶ "The Indian Captive," Thursday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 1. . . . ¶ "The Golden Goose," Friday, Dec. 30, at 11 and 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **UNIT THEATRE GROUP:** "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturday, Dec. 24, through Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas Time;" through Monday, Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Christmas at 1, 2:30, and 4; Monday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 27-29, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"A Hard Day's Night," with the Beatles. A benefit performance. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 10.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every weekday, starting on Saturday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Friday, Dec. 23. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Friday through Sunday, Dec. 23-25, and Saturday, Dec. 31.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALKER EVANS—Forty examples, taken between 1930 and 1962. Among them are pictures of interiors and exteriors of buildings, subway scenes, and W.P.A. projects; through Jan. 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.)

AUCTIONS—Old Spanish treasure, including coins, silver, porcelains, jewelry, and artifacts, recovered from ships destroyed off the Florida coast in 1715. The collection will be on display through Sunday, Jan. 15, and from Saturday, Jan. 28, through Friday, Feb. 3. Auction on Saturday, Feb. 4. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Mondays through Saturdays, except Dec. 24, from 11 to 8; Sundays, except Christmas, 1 to 7. An admission charge will be made.)

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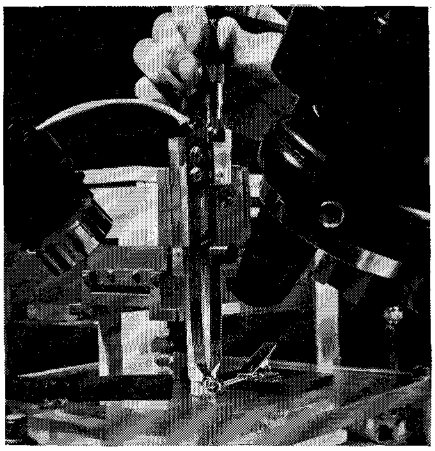

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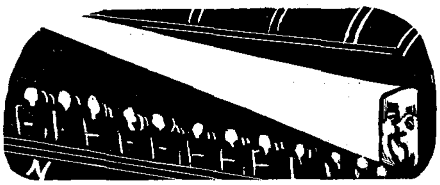
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 23-25, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chushingura—Honor lost and recaptured amidst buckets of blood in old Japan. With Toshiro Mifune. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-28, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Fortune Cookie—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon in a sour, funny comedy about a crooked lawyer and his last-minute comeuppance. Directed by Billy Wilder. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 23.)

Funeral in Berlin—An excellent thriller, starring Michael Caine as the Cockney spy Harry Palmer, a role he originated in "The Ipcress File." The setting is mostly East Berlin, and the activity is mostly murder. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A successful replica of the bawdy Broadway musical. With Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Buster Keaton, and hundreds of pretty girls. Directed by Richard Lester. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Galia—A jaunty melodrama about a girl who takes Paris by storm and pays a certain price for her victory. Starring Mireille Darc, Venantino Venantini, and Françoise Prévost, and well directed by Georges Lautner. In French. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling acting their talented heads off in a wry English comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 90th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-28, the feature will be shown after 4.)

Hawaii—Enormous in scale and tiny in content. With lots of handsome scenery and Julie Andrews and Max von Sydow. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-28, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Is Paris Burning?—An unexpected bungle, in which only Paris itself survives undiminished. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30; Christmas at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Kaleidoscope—A slick melodrama, starring Warren Beatty, Susannah York, and an English castle of doubtful ancestry. Directed by Jack Smight. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Dec. 22.)

Khartoum—Handsome and authentic locations, sets, costumes, and actors (Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier); tame script. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Dec. 23-26.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Milos Forman. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller, as his wife; Robert Shaw, as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern, as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-28, at 2:30, plus an additional showing on Christmas at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Seconds—A frightening tale about men who are thought to have died and who come back "reborn," thanks to plastic surgery. With Rock Hudson and Salome Jens. John Frankenheimer provided the direction, which is masterly. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 27.)

The Shameless Old Lady—An acting triumph by the octogenarian Sylvie, and a directorial triumph by a young Frenchman named René Allio. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Dec. 22.)

The Wrong Box—Excellent comedy, with comedians Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael Caine, Peter Sellers, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 23.)

REVIVALS

Atget (1963)—An eleven-minute short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 23-26.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 22.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 26-27.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 26.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 23-26.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 24.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 24.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Dec. 22.)

The Ipcress File (1965)—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Dec. 24.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Dec. 22.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 22.)

The Moon Is Blue (1953)—F. Hugh Herbert's comedy concerning some Manhattan mating cries, with Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 22.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 27.)

Nothing but a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 28.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Dec. 28.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; Dec. 22.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 28.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965)—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, and several others in an air race across the English Channel in 1910. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Dec. 25.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Dec. 28.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 27.)

The Troublemaker (1964)—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 25.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Dec. 22.)

Zulu (1964)—The combatants are the English and the Zulus, the place is Natal, and the time 1879. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 25-27.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Dec. 22 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Volpone" (1939), in French, with Louis Jouvet and Harry Baur. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 11:30 and 3: "Casablanca" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ Dec. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "M" (1931), in German, with Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ Dec. 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Rashomon" (1950), in Japanese, with Toshiro Mifune. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Chapayev" (1934), in Russian. . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series of Laurel and Hardy films entitled "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Dec. 24: "Big Business" (1929), "Below Zero" (1930), and "Babes in Toyland" (1934). . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 27: "Berth Marks" (1929), "Perfect Day" (1929), "Brats" (1930), and "Night Owls" (1930). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Dec. 22: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 23: "After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
IS PARIS BURNING?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

Music Hall, 6th Ave., at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Follow Me, Boys!," Fred MacMurray, Vera Miles.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-28, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Murderers' Row," Dean Martin, Ann-Margret.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Grand Prix," James Garner, Eva Marie Saint. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
GEORGY GIRL.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Dec. 22: **KALEIDOSCOPE**; and "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), revival, Robert Hirsch.
From Dec. 23: **THE WRONG BOX.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Dec. 22: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 23: "After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
GALIA (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Gambit," Shirley MacLaine, Michael Caine.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Dec. 22: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 23: "After the Fox," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Fahrenheit 451," Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Blow-Up," Vanessa Redgrave, David Hemmings.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE *FORUM*.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Dec. 24: **THE IPCRESS FILE**, revival; and "Charade," revival, Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Dec. 25: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE FORTUNE COOKIE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
GALIA (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
GEORGY GIRL. (Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-28, showings will begin at 4. At noon and 2, there will be showings of "The Christmas That Almost Wasn't," with Rossano Brazzi.)

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 27: "The Wild Angels," Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra; and "Underage," Anne MacAdams.
From Dec. 28: "Arrivederci, Baby!," Tony Curtis, Rosanna Schiaffino; and "Trunk to Cairo," Audie Murphy, George Sanders.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Murderers' Row," Dean Martin, Ann-Margret.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 22: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival.
Dec. 23-26: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and **ATGET**, revival.
From Dec. 27: **THE TRIAL**, revival; **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Dec. 22: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.
Dec. 23-25: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
Dec. 26-27: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and "Passage to Marseille," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Michèle Morgan.
From Dec. 28: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Dec. 22: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.
Dec. 23-26: **KHARTOUM**; and "The Girl-Getters," revival, Oliver Reed.
From Dec. 27: **SECONDS**; and "This Property Is Condemned," Natalie Wood, Robert Redford.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Cul-de-Sac," Donald Pleasence, Françoise Dorléac.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Do You Keep a Lion at Home?," a Czechoslovakian film.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 22: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and **KEY LARGO**, revival.
From Dec. 23: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE**; and "Ambush Bay," Hugh O'Brian, Mickey Rooney.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Dec. 22: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Dec. 23: **THE WRONG BOX**; and "Repulsion," revival, Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
FUNERAL IN BERLIN.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"A Very Handy Man" (in Italian), Ugo Tognazzi, Giovanna Ralli.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
CHUSHINGURA (in Japanese).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Spy with a Cold Nose," Laurence Harvey, Daliah Lavi.

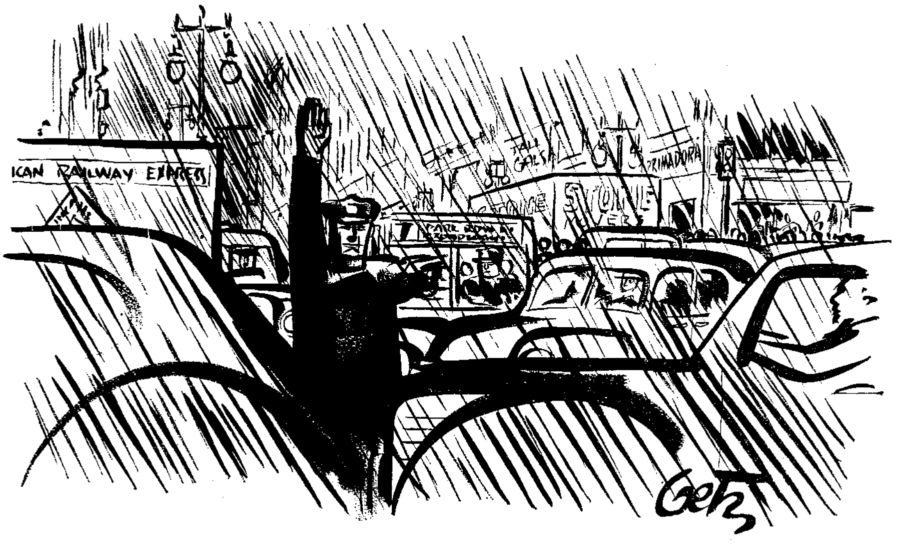
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 24: **A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS**, revival; and **THE GAY DIVORCÉE**, revival.
Dec. 25-27: **ZULU**, revival; and "These Are the Damned," revival, Macdonald Carey.
From Dec. 28: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**, revival; and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Dec. 22: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and "Cast a Giant Shadow," revival, Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.
From Dec. 23: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE**; and "Ambush Bay," Hugh O'Brian, Mickey Rooney.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 22: **THE MOON IS BLUE**, revival; and "The Man with the Golden Arm," revival, Frank Sinatra, Eleanor Parker.
Dec. 23: "On the Bowery" and "Come Back, Africa" (both revivals and both semi-documentary films).
Dec. 24: "The Brig," revival; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.
Dec. 25: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**, revival; and "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence.
Dec. 26: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "Animal Farm," revival, a full-length animated cartoon.
Dec. 27: "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration; and "Mondo Cane," revival, an Italian documentary, with an English narration.
Dec. 28: A program of five short films dealing with psychology.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
GEORGY GIRL.



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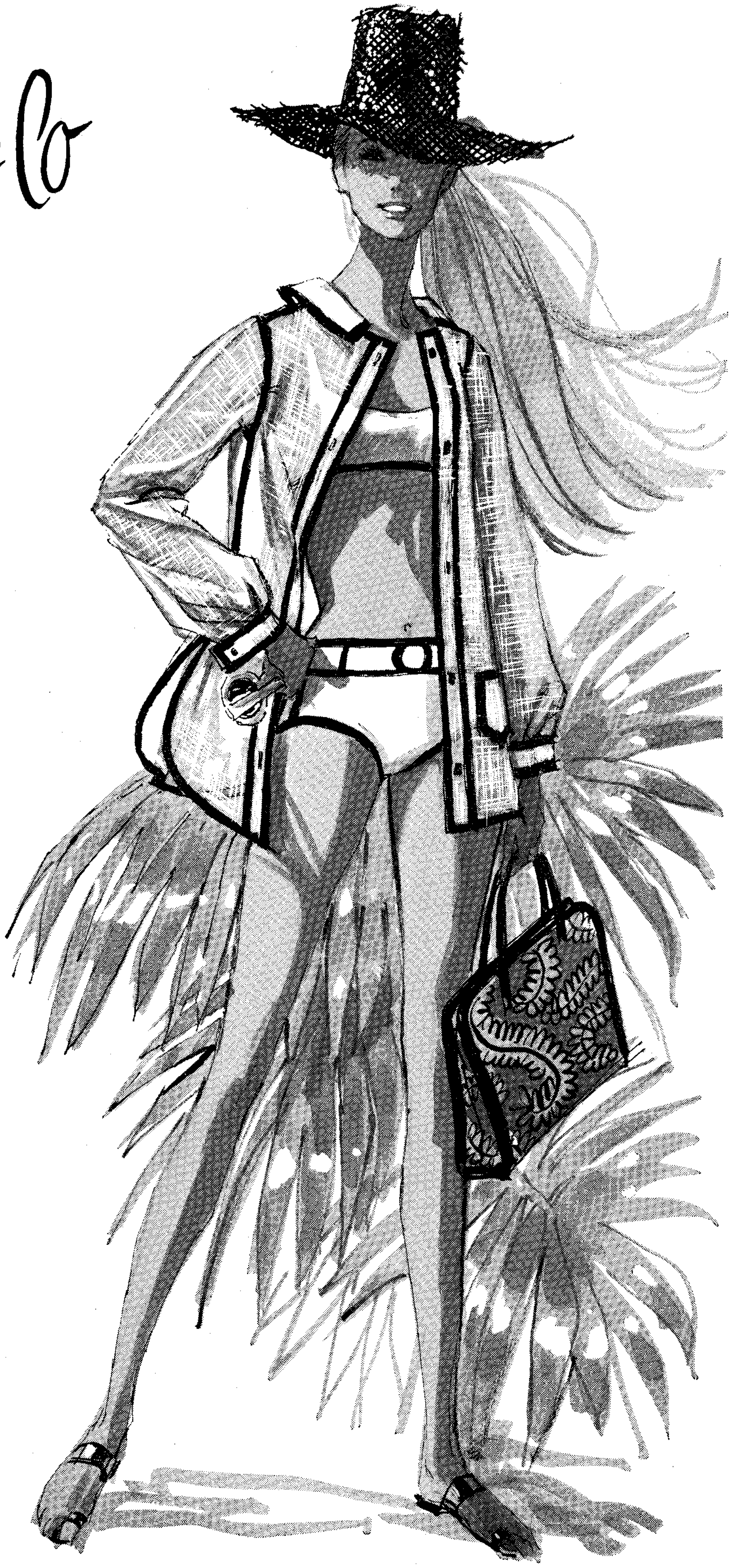


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

PEARL HARBOR DAY, twenty-five years after the event, brought forth a mixed lot of newspaper and other commentaries, and if we are late in turning to them, it is because the whole matter required a bit of thinking over. There was, for one thing, what seemed to us the beginning of an attempt to transform the event into a great victory, or at least a Dunkirk. This was, in a serious way, disturbing. Another method of getting around the embarrassing fact that the bombing of Pearl Harbor was an utter calamity was simply to bypass that fact and to focus instead on instances of alertness and of individual bravery that followed the raid: the act of a high-ranking officer who, on being awakened early in the morning, "hightailed" it down to his waiting launch and, in spite of the considerable danger, had himself taken out into the Harbor in the midst of the bombing, in order to assess the damage; the innumerable acts of amazing heroism performed on the spur of the moment by enlisted men. There were stories, too, in the papers and magazines, revolving around an implication that Japan really "sealed its doom" by the undertaking—that it would have done better to "stay put" and keep out of the war entirely. Most unsettling of all, perhaps, was the finding that our own military (according to a presumably competent survey, or poll, taken by one of the news magazines)—in spite of the fact that the act of aggression itself was in total defiance of what we still called "civilized" warfare—now think highly of the exercise and envy the brilliance of its execution. In the meantime, the battleship Arizona, which was sunk in the bombing at her dockage in the Harbor, and which has upward of a thousand seamen still entombed inside, has been made into a public monument, a regular stop on tourist excursions, and is visited by thousands monthly. (One recent visitor was a former Japanese naval-aviation pilot named Mitsuo Fuchida, who led the attack on the Harbor on December 7th.) Possibly the most moving of all the reminiscences assembled routinely by the news services as a demonstration of their world coverage is the recital of a seaman who went out in a launch with some other seamen to the stricken Oklahoma, already on the verge of capsizing, and dragged out as many of the trapped men inside as they could, to carry them to safety. They got out quite a few. But all the while they were evacuating the men in their immediate vicinity, he recalled, they heard tapping, tapping, tapping—eerie, pervasive *tapping*, of men trapped in the myriad other compartments of the battleship. "I can still hear that tapping sometimes in my dreams," he said. He now owns a prosperous restaurant out on Long Island, and drives a Jaguar in the Bridgehampton rallies. "But not so much as I once did."

Peace

A SMALL orange sign stuck to a wall on the ninth floor of 5 Beekman Street said:

Student Peace Union
War Resisters League
Catholic Peace Fellowship
Poor Peoples Corporation
Fellowship of Reconciliation
Teachers Committee to End the War
in Vietnam

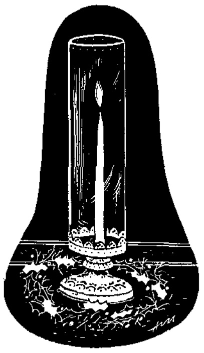
A black arrow pointed up a narrow stairway. We climbed to the tenth floor, went through a door covered with stickers ("Our Only Shelter Is Peace," "Uncle Sam Needs Cannon Fodder," "Make Love Not War"), and were greeted by a thin, black-haired young man wearing a light sweater, a striped shirt, a dark tie, gray trousers, and brown shoes. This was Tom Cornell, who had been sentenced a couple of weeks earlier to six months in prison for burning his draft card. Cornell invited us into his office—two rooms that serve as the headquarters of the Catholic Peace Fellowship and in which he currently spends much of his time giving counsel to young men who don't want to serve in the armed forces. The walls of the office were a colorful and cheerful collage of pictures torn from magazines, posters bearing quotations ("If you wish to be brothers, let the arms fall from your hands," from Pope Paul VI, and "Not fear but love among men," from Pope John XXIII), Sister Corita serigraphs, postcards, advertisements, snapshots, reproductions of paintings, and odds and ends of all sorts, including a broadside from the American Patriots for Freedom, of Brooklyn, which declared:

> DON'T BE FOOLED. The "peacenik" radicals screaming for Americans to get out of Vietnam often pose as religious pacifists, using such names as "Catholic Worker," "Catholic Peace Fellowship," etc. But these ultra-leftist traitors have no connection whatsoever with the Catholic Church. These are not religious groups, but are pro-Communist action organizations hoping to seize control of the U.S.A.

Cornell smiled. "They make us sound so good!" he said. " 'Seize control'!"

We paused at a *Life* picture of Staughton Lynd and David Dellinger—both spattered with red paint—at a Washington peace demonstration. "That was Nagasaki Day in 1965," Cornell said. "I was next to them when the paint was thrown. I've still got some on my shoe, I think." He lifted one foot and showed us some red flecks. "We were arrested about an hour later." He identified some of the other items on the wall: "Here's my wife and son. Here's Dorothy Day. Thomas Merton. Daniel Berrigan. The guy with the guitar is Murphy Dowouis. He's in jail now in Texas for refusing induction. The F.B.I. agent who carried him away is a nice fellow, a friend of mine. You get to know them." A hand-lettered invitation was tacked nearby. "Come share with us the joy of our wedding feast on June 17th," it said. Cornell explained, "That's Jim Wilson. They're expecting their first child now. He's twenty-two, and he's in the West Street jail at the moment, awaiting transfer. He burned his draft card with me and three others—Dave McReynolds, Marc Edelman, and Roy Lisker—in Union Square on November 6, 1965. He pleaded guilty to burning his card and was given a suspended sentence; then he pleaded guilty on a charge of refusing induction and got three years. I've been given six months—the American Civil Liberties Union is making an appeal—but I'm thirty-two years old, so I can probably do six months fairly easily. But Jim Wilson . . . A guy shouldn't spend the years from twenty-two to twenty-five in jail."

Cornell sat down at a desk piled with papers. "I didn't declare myself a conscientious objector until I'd spent three years thinking about it, praying about it, talking about it," he continued. "I was trying not to make a mistake that I'd be sorry for." A couple of young men came to the door, and said they were from Queens Students Against the War in Vietnam and could they use a typewriter to write something out? Cornell said sure, and directed them to a nearby office. "The only weapon the government has against the young people is fear," he said. "If you can stand and subject yourself to imprisonment, and say 'I no longer fear your prisons,' what have they got left to coerce you with? Thirty to fifty guys come in here each week now for counselling. The rise in C.O.s has been phenomenal. A year or so ago, I was counselling only three or four a month. Most C.O.s are drafted into alternative service—working in hospitals, mental hospitals, reforestation, and so forth—for two years. A kid can usually pick his own job, but it has to be approved by the Selective Service System."



We asked Cornell how he had come to the Catholic Peace Fellowship.

"From the Catholic Worker," he said. "The movement that Dorothy Day founded in 1933. I grew up in Bridgeport and went to Fairfield University, a Jesuit institution. The Jesuit teachers at that time were very conservative and fiercely anti-Communist. They were high on piety, but when it came to a position on civil rights, capital punishment, poverty, or war, they had nothing much to say. My whole frame of reference was orthodox, steeped in tradition. I was immersed in studies, and not particularly aware of the Korean War, which was then going on; I was more aware of the Trojan War. When I asked a professor to recommend books on Socialism and Communism, he suggested several—all by Jesuits." Cornell smiled, and continued, "Early in my sophomore year, I came across Dorothy Day's autobiography, 'The Long Loneliness.' It grabbed me. What she was doing and saying was utterly consistent with what we were all supposed to believe. After graduation, I worked part time at the Catholic Worker and part time as a hospital attendant, and later I taught English and Latin for three years at a junior high school in Connecticut. I was always involved with civil rights, though, and the Committee for Non-Violent Action. I was arrested in Selma and other places, and in 1960 we walked from New York to Groton, where they were building the Polaris submarines. The plant workers beat the hell out of us when we got there, so at least we knew we weren't being ignored. I remember rowing out on the river to take a look at the submarine Ethan Allen—we were planning to try to block the launching later—and suddenly coming up on it, the huge submarine looming almost out of nowhere. It was strange to realize that this thing within arm's reach could incinerate a country the size of France."

The phone rang, and Cornell talked for a few moments, then hung up. "Jim Wilson has been moved to Danbury," he said. "That's good. Some of my family live near there, so he can have visitors." He continued, "By 1960, I felt I had the internal security of knowing I could make a living in the world—if you *don't* know that, it can be very emasculating—so I quit teaching and went down to the Catholic Worker full time. I assumed voluntary poverty—gave my car and everything away—and lived that winter with four other workers in an unheated apartment on the lower East Side. The apartment cost thirty dollars a month. You can't do better than that! It was cold as hell, but I was very, very happy. It was a great release. There was a joyous spirit of companionship—an affirmation. Voluntary poverty is very much a part of the Catholic Worker way of life. It's something to be sought. No one gets a stipend. We feed up to three hundred people a day at the Worker. We beg food from the markets; one of our people goes to the Washington Street and Fulton Street Markets on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. You never know what you'll get. Sometimes it may be two crates of parsley." He laughed. "Parsley soup, I guess. We buy beans—four hundred pounds at a time, for less than thirty dollars—and you can't beg meat in New York, they won't give it to you, so we spend about five dollars a day on meat. There's the soup line every day, and people also come in randomly for clothes, and, of course, there's also a lot of sickness, and people to be taken to and from the clinics. The Catholic Worker movement has grown until there are now fifteen Houses of Hospitality around the country, and farms outside New York, Boston, and Cleveland. Anyway, the Catholic Worker was the thing that awakened me, the first experience that really brought me alive. Now that I work here, I have an income—a salary from the Fellowship of Reconciliation—but voluntary poverty is still a part of my life. My wife and I worry about it—she was born in the Catholic Worker movement, and we met over a kettle in the soup kitchen—so we have sort of a House of Hospitality of our own. We feed some of the kids from the Worker, and often there's someone living with us, and it all helps diminish the money. Our child is twenty-one months old now and knows the names of a lot of people." Cornell laughed. The phone rang again. When he had talked and hung up, he said, "There's a Reservist on his way down here. A C.O."

We stood up, and Cornell came with us to the door. "You know, somebody discovered that the first Abolitionist headquarters in New York was at 5 Beekman Street," he said. "Different building, of course. But isn't that something?"

We asked what the outlook for the future was.

"I believe in our country, and I feel it has a great deal to offer the world," he replied. "I'm not really an optimist, though. Movements grow slowly." He paused. Then he said, "There's a Jewish proverb that says, 'God gives you the task. He does not say you must succeed, but He tells you that you must not lay it down.' "

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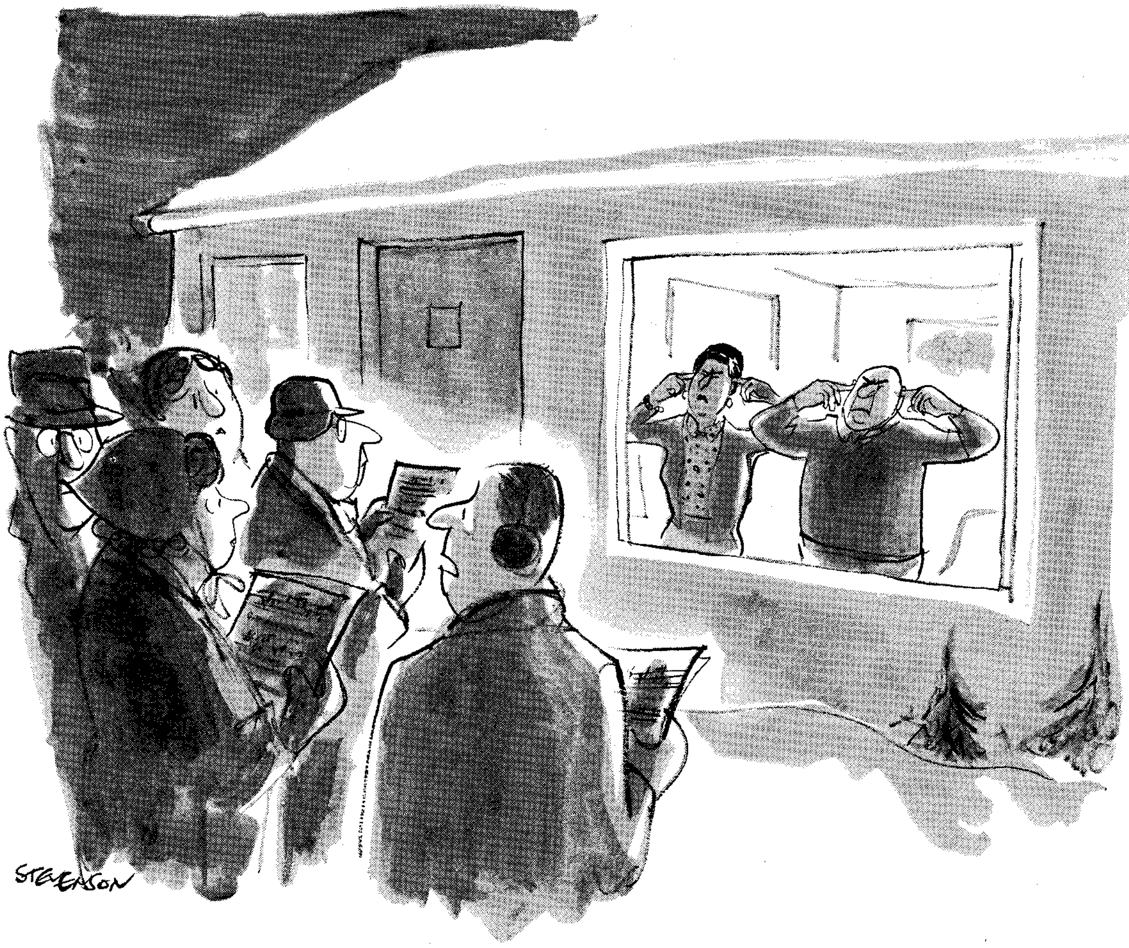
CONVERSATION between a man of about thirty-five and a little girl of six or seven, apparently his daughter, overheard on a sidewalk on East Seventy-seventh Street:

DAUGHTER: Is Jane getting married?

FATHER: Yes, but between you and me I don't envy the fellow who is marrying her.

DAUGHTER: I know what you mean. *She* could never live happily after ever.



"What say we skip a few 'fa-la-la's?"

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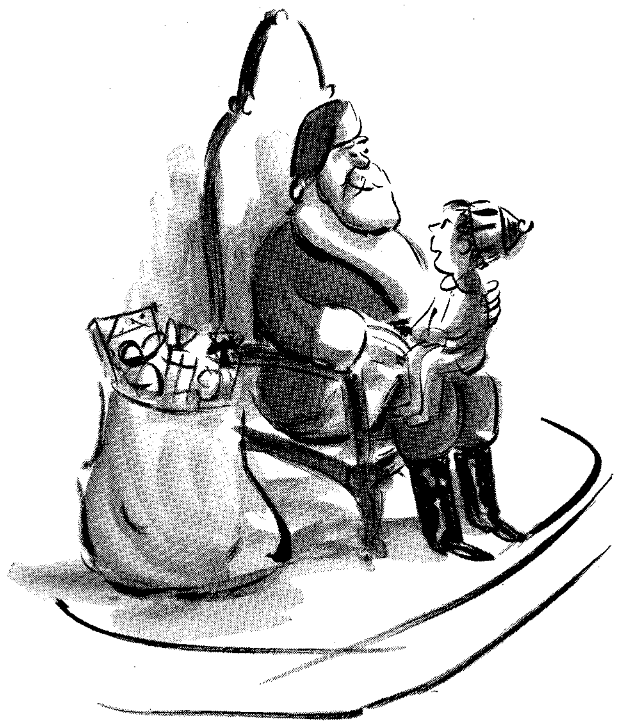
The Line

IN the seasonal frenzy that seems to begin earlier and build more rapidly in our city with each passing year, one holiday phenomenon remains unchanged—the line of stoic souls who, hour after hour, by day and by night, in all kinds of weather, stand patiently outside Radio City Music Hall waiting for admission to the film and the Christmas stage show. The forward motion of the line appears to vary, we've noticed in passing it, with the time of day and with the day of the week. On weekday mornings the line usually proceeds at a steady crawl; on weekday afternoons and evenings it tends to move at a slow shuffle; and on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, when the Music Hall's sixty-two hundred seats are constantly filled, it inches along from standstill to standstill like a fitful glacier. The line is unpredictable, however, as we learned one raw, blustery morning last week when we saw it build back along Fiftieth Street from the Sixth Avenue entrance to the Music Hall, then double and redouble itself in the space of a few minutes, as if it were sprouting from a row of dragon's teeth, and spill into Rockefeller Plaza between Fiftieth Street and Fifty-first Street, where it was channelled into lanes by uniformed attendants, who were hastily setting up steel poles strung with canvas tape. They were working under the direction of a stocky, ruddy-faced man wearing an overcoat and scarf, who, when we introduced ourself, told us that he was William Grant, Assistant Supervisor for Protection and Security at Rockefeller Center. "I've been on this job eight years, and I still don't know from one minute to the next what the line will do," he said. "The present pileup is undoubtedly caused by large numbers of groups that have been coming in by bus this morning. Bus-group people write in ahead of time, you see, and they are taken into the Music Hall through a tunnel that runs under Fiftieth Street from the R.C.A. Building. When you get fifteen hundred or two thousand of them arriving for a certain show, the outside line is bound to slow down. By the time the line gets backed up to the corner of Fiftieth Street and Rockefeller Plaza, there are about twelve hundred and fifty people in it, we estimate, and when it winds through all eight lanes in the plaza, the count is nearly thirty-five hundred. If you think that's a line, you should have been here last Saturday, when it overflowed the plaza, spilled out along Fiftieth Street to Fifth Avenue, stretched north on Fifth to Fifty-first Street, and then doubled halfway back to Sixth Avenue on Fifty-first. Why, there must have been six or seven thousand people in it! At a quarter past one, I talked with an elderly fellow who had been standing since ten-thirty and was only halfway to the box office. I hardly had the heart to tell him that he probably wouldn't get in before the four-o'clock show, but I did, and I'll say one thing for him—he took it like a soldier. He never even blinked."

Mr. Grant hurried off to supervise the unloading of a cart filled with more poles and tape, and we joined the line of people, two and three abreast, who were rapidly filling up the third lane in the plaza. Ahead of us, a woman in a blue coat trimmed with white fur said "I remember one time we brought Billy and stood three hours" to a companion in a red coat trimmed with white fur, who replied "Last year, I just walked in off the street at four o'clock." An elderly lady behind us asked "Is it a snowflake?" of a middle-aged woman, who said "No, Mother, it's a piece of soot," and behind them a young matron in a Persian-lamb jacket told a little boy to stop swinging on the tape. Beside us, in an adjacent lane, a man advised his wife to turn around and look back. "Lovely," she said. "I mean the line, not the Christmas tree," he said. "Why, it's already way beyond where we got into it!"

The line was now creeping forward, carrying us along—a step or two at a time—toward Fiftieth Street, and soon we were able to read the sign on top of the Newsweek Building, which informed us that it was 11:33 A.M. and that the temperature was thirty-seven degrees. At Fiftieth Street, the line reversed direction, moving toward Fifty-first Street in another lane. For five minutes, it crawled steadily along, but at a point midway in the block it came to a standstill. Beside us, in the third lane, a man wearing a beret said "Didn't I tell you, Gus, wear a cap and two pairs of socks?" to a man who was hatless, and behind us the matron in the Persian-lamb jacket said (rather unconvincingly, we thought) "Do that once more and I'll take you home."

The line began moving again after fifteen minutes, but then it took ten minutes for us to reach and round the turn at Fifty-first Street and start back toward Fiftieth Street along the sidewalk in front of the Associated Press Building. During this leg, our attention strayed outward and upward, and we realized that the façade of the building at 45 Rockefeller Plaza has become almost uniformly black as a result of air pollution, that the plastic bells hanging from the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center come in four colors, and that looking at them when they are swinging in the wind can make you dizzy. Halfway to Fiftieth Street, we again passed the man in the beret and the man named Gus, who was saying "I'd give a lot for a nice bowl of hot cereal," and shortly afterward we heard a woman ask her husband if he had remembered to lock the back door. When we drew near the corner of Fiftieth Street, we were once again able to read the sign on top of the Newsweek Building, which told us that it was 12:26 P.M. and that the temperature still stood at thirty-seven degrees. During the next fifteen minutes, the temperature dropped a degree and we stood still; then, all of a sudden, the line started up with a rush, and a moment later—pushed by people behind us and urged on by several attendants, who were shouting at everybody to keep moving, to close it up, and to step lively—we rounded the corner of Fiftieth Street on the run. Now, with the Music Hall marquee in sight, the line halted by the entrance to an underground freight ramp, where a smiling policeman volunteered the information that the show was breaking and we would soon be moving again. Ten minutes later, we drew abreast of the Music Hall lobby, where a group of senior citizens who had come from Kearny by bus for the morning show were assembling on the sidewalk for a pre-lunch roll call beside a group of third and fourth graders who had come by subway from the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. By this time, our linemates were unbuttoning their coats and reaching for their wallets and change purses, and a moment later, when they turned to go inside, we turned the other way and left the line.



"Electric trains, a sailboat, a bow and arrows and a target, drums, skis, a walkie-talkie set, a football, a baseball, a glove, a bat, a chemistry set, an Erector set, a portable TV, a robot, a wristwatch, a sled, a paint set, a microscope, a basketball, a tricycle, a rifle, a tank, a spaceship, and a telescope."

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Mini

A FRIEND tells us that he was in a cleaning shop on East Eighty-third Street last Saturday afternoon when the following exchange took place:

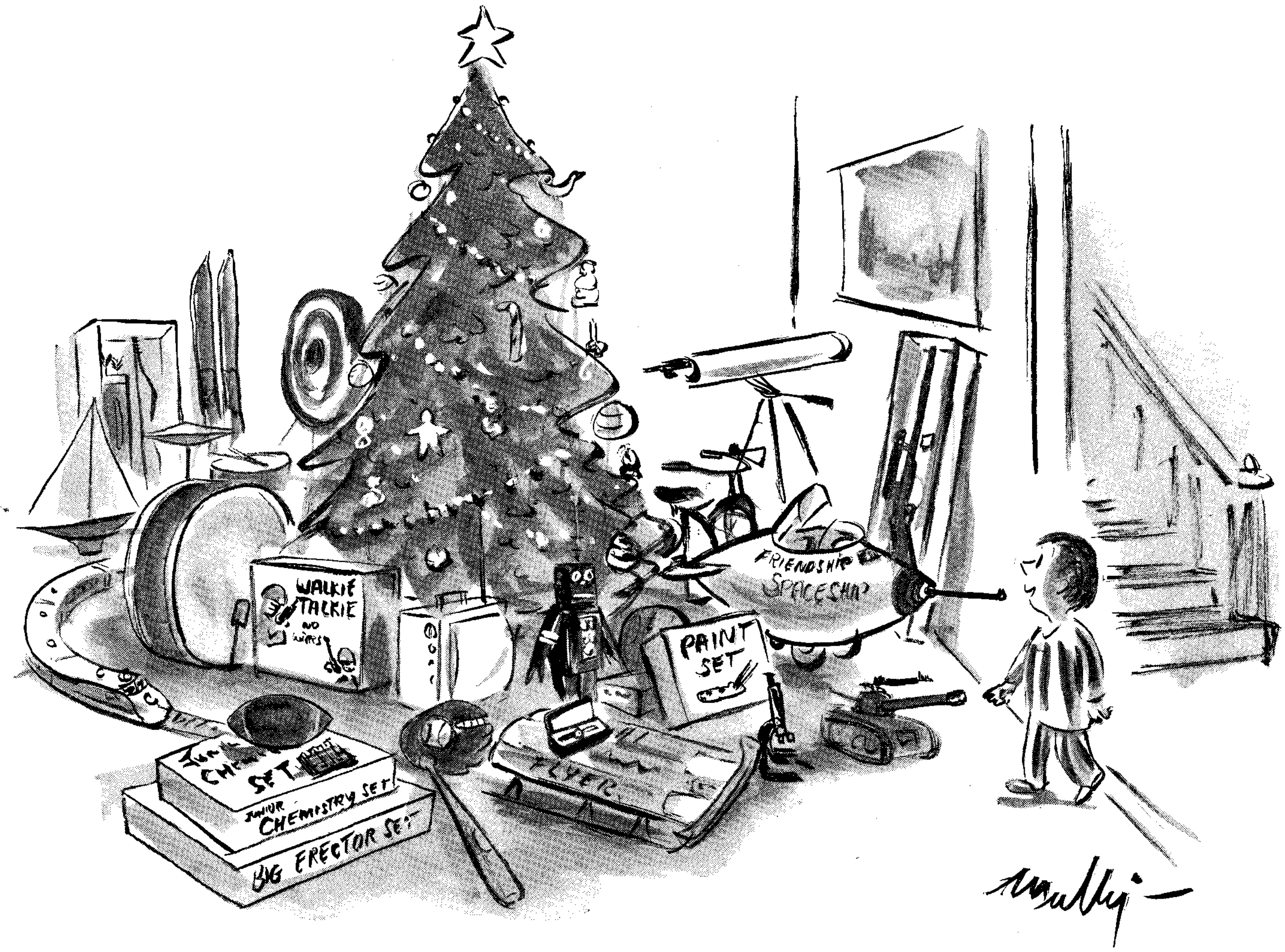
Proprietor: Let's see now—you want to pick up your blouse, don't you?

Pretty Young Lady: Blouse? That isn't a blouse. It's a dress.

The Art of Seeing

THIS should be a particularly pleasant Christmas for Walker Evans, who, having been a distinguished photographer in our midst for more than thirty years, is currently being fussed over as excitedly as if he were the latest fashionable discovery. The Eakins Press recently published a selection of photographs entitled "Message from the Interior." (Mr. Evans, a writer as well as a photographer, has a prankish, gnomic way with words, and it is only one of the several ambiguities implied in the title that most of the photographs are of the interiors of houses.) Then Houghton Mifflin brought out a collection of Evans photographs entitled "Many Are Called," and these photographs, taken some years ago with a semi-concealed Contax in the New York City subways and already possessing the eerie look of a civilization that has otherwise vanished without a trace, provided the occasion for an exhibition in the Edward Steichen Photography Center at the Museum of Modern Art. And this week, bringing the informal Evans festival to a climax, the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, which has never hitherto exhibited anything but paintings and sculpture, opened an exhibition of Evans photographs, some of which exist in only a single print, the negative having been lost or destroyed.

Gratifying as such attention must be, it is unlikely to turn Evans' head; he has known who he is for quite a long time. A small, wry, soft-spoken, dapper man of sixty-three, born under the sign of Scorpio, he has a nose as sharply pointed as Falstaff's; on its upper reaches rest a pair of large, round spectacles, which heighten a normal expression of skeptical, fastidious benignity. He is as modest as the next man (and at least ten times as shy), but he is under no misapprehension as to the value of the work that he has done. The sort of photography in which he pioneered—a photography bleak, abstinent, head-on, of the utmost clarity and seeming impersonality—was once considered shockingly inartistic. His unprecedented subjects were automobile graveyards, faded painted signs, West-



ern ghost towns, sharecroppers, serried factory windows, rumpled tenement beds; coolly keeping his distance, like his heroes, Brady and Atget, he stared the assorted meannesses and failed promises of American life straight in the face, and they stared back. It is a contest that is still going on.

At a reception given for Evans a few days ago at the Museum of Modern Art, we managed to obtain, over continually reiterated protestations of their unimportance, some scattered fragments of biography: that he was born in St. Louis, the third Walker Evans in the family, and subsequently moved to Toledo, then to Kenilworth, Illinois, and finally to New York; that his father was a successful copywriter for Lord & Thomas (he composed a once-celebrated advertisement for Aunt Jemima pancake mix showing a plump colored mammy and under it a caption that, as Evans remembers, read, "I'se in town, honey"); and that he went to Loomis and Andover, and passed a year at Williams before deciding to go abroad and become a writer. In the late nineteen-twenties, with the help of a small allowance from his father, he lived in Paris for a year. "I wanted so much to write that I couldn't write a word," he said. As for all the famous characters that everyone else who was in Paris at that time seemed to fall in with at every street corner, Evans failed to meet them. "I knew Sylvia Beach," he said, "but whenever Joyce came into Shakespeare and Company, I flattened myself against the wall. When Sylvia wanted to introduce us, I said 'Nix!' "

Evans' first published work was some photographic illustrations for a private edition of his friend Hart Crane's poem "The Bridge" that was published by the Black Sun Press in Paris in 1930. By that time, Evans had returned to this country and had pretty well given up his dream of becoming a poet or novelist; taking a trivial nighttime job in Wall Street, he settled down to photography. Several of his photographs of local Victorian architecture were shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 1934, and in 1938 he had a one-man show there; the Museum simultaneously published his book "American Photographs," which, in a later edition, sells at the steady pace of any classic. In 1935, Evans had gone to work for a while for the Resettlement Administration, and on the strength of this experience he joined forces with James Agee to produce a book called "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men," an account of the lives of some desperately impoverished Alabama tenant farmers. In 1943, Evans went to work for *Time*, and two years later he switched to *Fortune*, writing and illustrating pieces on such subjects of interest to him (and, he hoped, to *Fortune* readers) as old Rolls-Royce models, obsolete steam engines, freight-car emblems, and American landscapes seen through train windows. He retired from *Fortune* last year, and now divides his time between an apartment in town and a house and studio in East Lyme. He also teaches a course at the School of Art and Architecture at Yale. "I forget what they call the course in the catalogue—something about the aesthetics of photography—but what it really is is a non-stop bull session about the art of seeing," he said. "Photography isn't a matter of taking pictures. It's a matter of having an eye."

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A CANDY concern in Minneapolis has decorated the sides of its trucks with militant eagles, wings spread wide, and the slogan "E Pluribus Gumdroppe."

THE EXEGESIS OF ST. NICK

(ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL BLOODLETTING IN THE BACK ALLEYS OF THE “NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS”)

To the Editors:

NOTHING could be more flattering to a scholar than to have a work of his reviewed by so eminent an expert as Hermann Kronstadt, but candor forces me to confess a total lack of surprise when I discovered that Professor Kronstadt had in fact barely bothered to read my little exegesis of “A Visit from St. Nicholas” (*Clement Moore and the Pre-Keynesian Apocalypse*, *Pottawattamie A. & M. Univ. Press*, *$15*) but had chosen instead merely to add some footnotes to his own tediously celebrated post-Freudian studies of the sexually feudalistic substratum in American children's books—a lode that so clearly ran out in the early chapters of his recent *Wynken, Blynken and Nod's Narrenschiff: Anal Archetypes on a Sea of Guilt*. If this were all, I would remain silent, for students of Victorian Americana have long since discovered that Professor Kronstadt thinks he has the horse-and-buggy Christmas safely locked away in his own curious clinic; he is the Molochian lump of coal that lies at the bottom of every young scholar's stocking. But Herr Kronstadt has gone too far in his ill-tempered review in your columns, for he has not only obdurately refused to accept the *Ding an sich* of my modest postulates but has launched on a course of reckless misinterpretation and misquotation that I can only regard as intentional. To paraphrase his testy penultimate aphorism (“If Bertrand Russell is not Hölderlin, Dr. Swiggett is certainly not Karl Mannheim”), I would murmur that though I am not Mannheim, Professor Kronstadt may be more of a Nietzsche than even he or Max Weber would care to admit!

To be specific. I did not not suggest, or even *fail* to suggest, that the “Mama in her kerchief and I in my cap” *mise en scène* contained a “swaddled, nunlike repression of Clement Moore's unacceptably ravening id.” I would not agree with this irresponsible bit of wildfire hermeneutics even if I had thought of it myself. Careful readers of my book will remember that my only comments on these early lines of the poem were those expatiating upon the profound sadness of doomed *laissez-faire* capitalism as sounded in the “visions of sugarplums danced through their heads” (*die Entzauberung der Zuckerpflaume*, in my phrase) image, plus, a bit later, my chapter dealing with the unbidden but frighteningly intrusive noises emanating from the overworked New England textile factories, and the concomitant din of rising industrial Jacobinism, that break in upon the narrator's long Victorian sleep: “When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter . . .”

“My wife finds me inscrutable.”

I think it is typical of Professor Kronstadt's well-known vendetta style of criticism that he should concentrate in his review upon my careless but entirely insignificant omission of Prancer from the list of the reindeer (Why did I not omit the equally androgynous Cupid or Dancer, Herr Kronstadt?), while he neglects all mention of my fruitful *propositio*, first suggested to me by Dietrich Maltby at the Determinism Workshop of 1961, that “Dasher, Dancer, Prancer & Vixen/Comet, Cupid, Donder & Blitzen” are, in fact, evidence of Clement Moore's desperate need for economic reassurance and moral book-balancing in a time of stress, through the agency of the sudden arrival of two thinly disguised Wall Street law firms on his rooftop.

I have further reservations, equally documented, about Professor Kronstadt's anti-critical fugue, but I will suppress them, if only in deference to the happy season. These would include an anguished protest against his charge that I have “failed utterly to deal with Moore's infantilistic anti-Semitism as seen in the transliteration and apotheosis of ‘that good Protestant clubman called St. Nicholas’ out of the blatantly obvious paradigm of the Wandering Jew known as Claus;” I deal with precisely that problem in my footnote on the “he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack” metaphor, and later, at further length, in my discussion of the inflationary rise of St. Nick up the chimney after the dividend distribution on the hearth, and the mysterious but unmistakably Faginesque gesture “laying his finger aside of his nose.” (J. S. W. Hogwought and P. Rabbitt both suggest that this digital kinesis descends from the Hasidic finger-ritual *yodh-zahim*, but I am dubious.) Professor Kronstadt evidently failed to read that far in my book. That failure, so typical of those who continue to refuse to come to terms with the giant problem of the undistributed middle, disqualifies him as a Leavisite, or even as a backwoods Hobbesian, and certainly as a critic worthy of your pages.

Geoffrey Palamore Swiggett

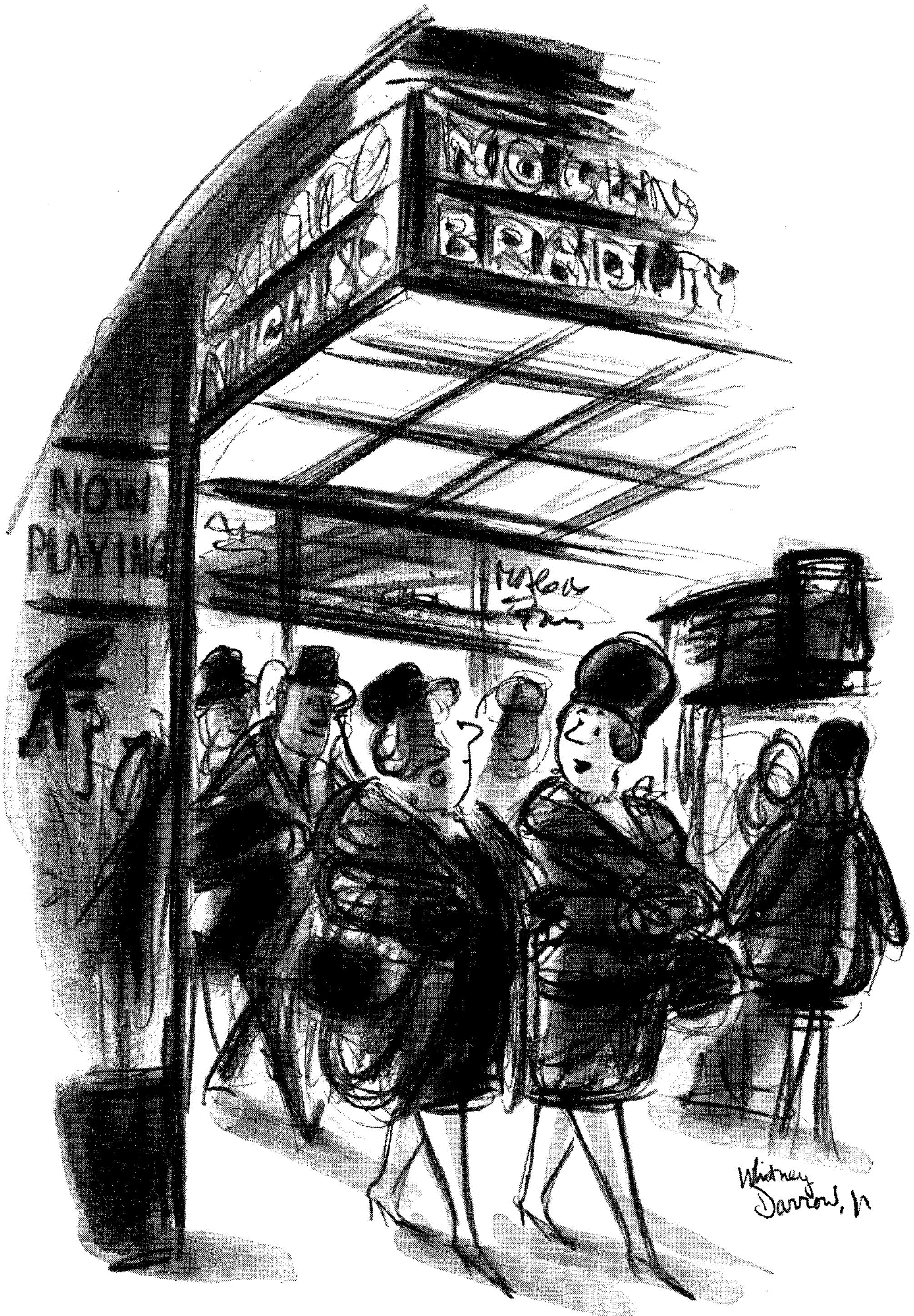
Pottawattamie A. & M. University
Cornflake, Iowa

Hermann Kronstadt *replies:*

I wish to apologize to Dr. Swiggett for my inadvertent attribution of the “swaddled, nunlike” repression of the oh-so-good sleeping burghers of poor Clement Moore's jingle to him. That fragment of deft scholarship was in fact contained in an assigned "My Holidays" theme by one of my freshman students here at Redwood Poly; the paper was lying on my desk at the time that I wrote my review, so the mistake, though risible, is perhaps understandable. Actually, it's a pity that such an insight was not in Dr. Swiggett's book, for it struck me as by far the keenest *aperçu* I had read of the work in question, and might have led our unhappy author to a more fructuous harvest of conclusions.

Dr. Swiggett's semi-hysterical objections to my review suggest the anxieties of a cloistered exegete when he happens on an unexpected work of pseudepigrapha. He seems to blame me, rather than himself, for his book, and I would remind him quietly that the ideological equivalent of double agency, however unwitting, is antiquated Hegelian dialectic. After reading his letter, I must conclude that what seemed to be a mere failure to see (Kant's *Nichtverstehen*) is in fact a terrified refusal to know. Dr. Swiggett is an economist, but even economists have an unconscious, as Eriksen and George Lichtheim have agreed. His pathetic insistence on the little string of leftover Lekachmanisms that so entangles his work does not constitute a reply to the perfectly cheerful suggestions I made about Clement Moore's dark night of the soul; those dancing sugarplums *are* prepubertal phantasies, for all that Dr. Swiggett, with the blankets pulled up to his nose, insists that they are Bryanesque bags of free silver!

Why doesn't Dr. Swiggett attempt to answer my questions? What is he afraid of? His jiggery-pokery about New England textile mills does not hide the fact that "When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter" can *only* have been inspired by the then newly invented lawnmower, and thus constitutes another unconscious recrudescence of the sexual machine, the phallic juggernaut, that so troubled the dreams of our grandparents. At the risk of repeating myself, I would point out to Dr. Swiggett that only a dangerously overburdened superego could keep him from accepting that "Away to the window I flew like a flash,/Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash./The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow/Gave the luster of midday to objects below" all too vividly describes an imperfectly sublimated vision of marital divestiture and defloration—perhaps of a less healthy nature than that which Melanie Klein discovered in "The Eve of St. Agnes." Can his conveniently forgotten Prancer and his strangely flying law firms obfuscate the pre-orgasmic urgency of "Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer and Vixen,/On Comet, on Cupid [*sic*], on Donder and Blitzen!"? Come, come, Dr. Swiggett, this is the twentieth century! Please join us in the ranks of the *libérés*, who remember that, in Ferenczi's words, "Only confirmed Oedipals insist that the penalty for *la trahison des clercs* is life imprisonment." Or are you afraid to ascend "to the top of the porch, to the top of the wall" and then "dash away, dash away, dash away all!"?



"I had a little trouble empathizing with the anti-hero."

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In the spirit of the season, I will close by pointing out that I have certainly not refused to accept the *donnée* of Dr. Swiggett's clumsily wrapped but charming little hand-woven pot holder. I wish only to suggest, to him and to your readers, that Great Granddaddy Clement Moore's familiar old mahogany whatnot casts some startling shadows when held up to the strong light of intelligence!

—Roger Angell

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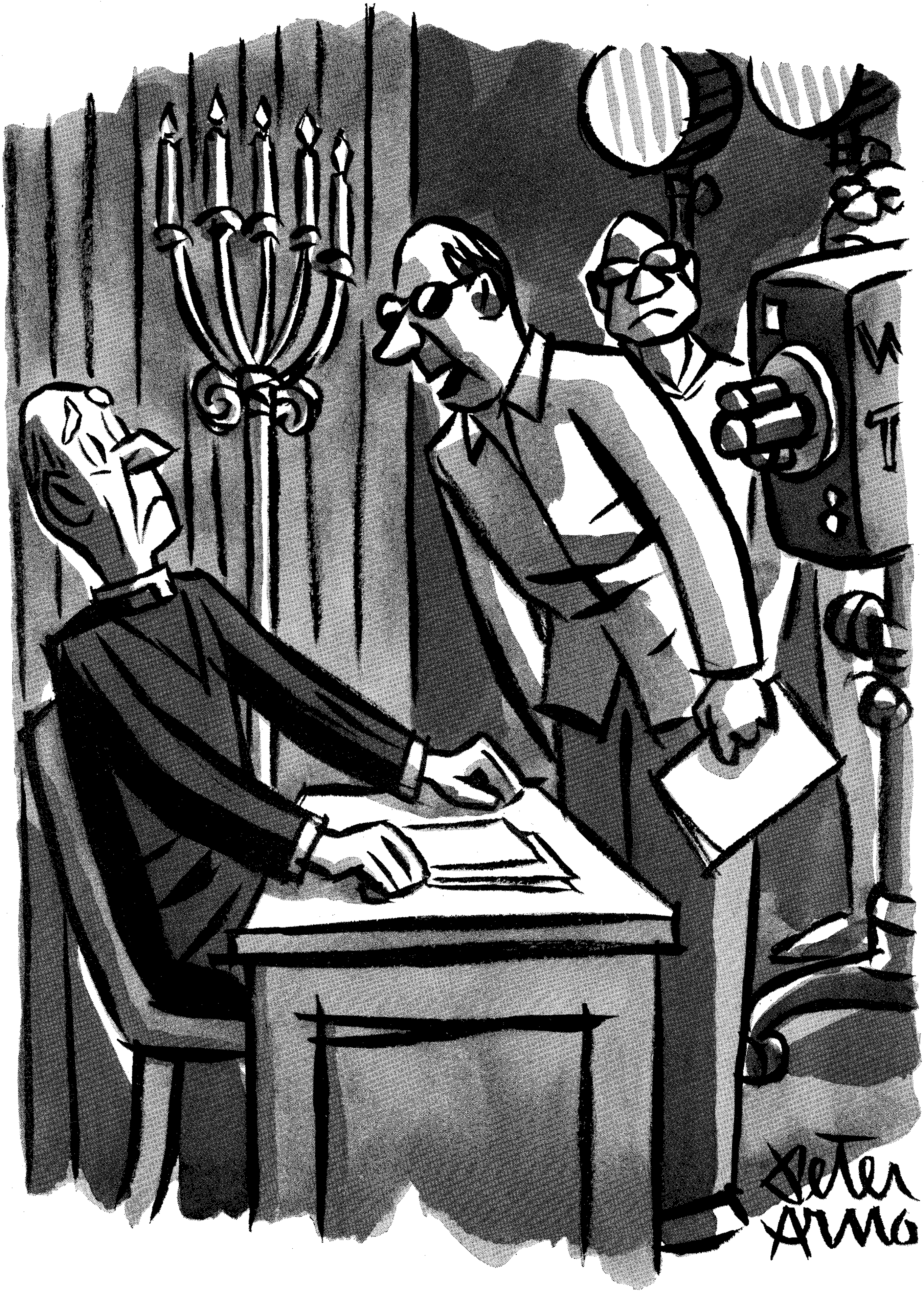
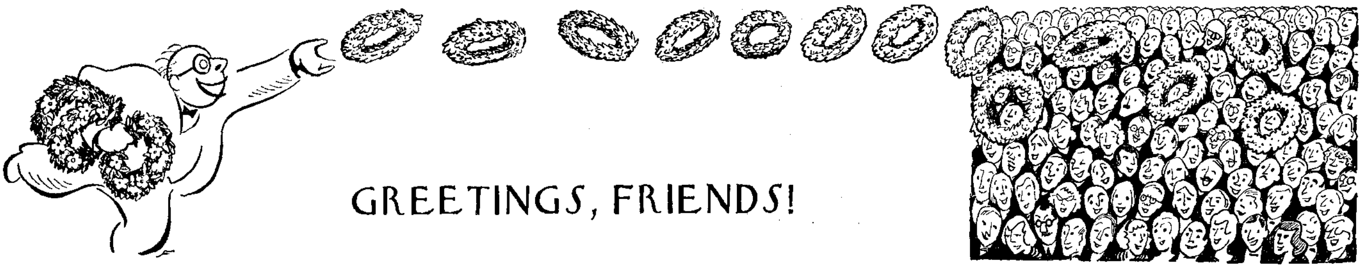
WAR AND PEOPLE CALLED
HAZARDS TO CIVILIZATION
—*Headline in the Times.*

Especially people.



"Remember, Reverend. A sermonette—not a sermon."



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

The time has come, the clock reveals,
To sound a round of Christmas peals,
And here, on cue, is your minstrel, who'll
Be glad to speak a word for Yule.
Another year knocked galley-west
And the world still harried and distressed;
The winter sky is thick these nights
With omens, rockets, satellites,
And the cost of living, methinks, will soon
Pass our Titans on the way to the moon.
But buck up, hearties! Grin and bear it.
Pluck some mistletoe and wear it!
Salute the friend and greet the stranger;
Clasp the hands of Michael Granger,
Esther Peterson, Graham Greene,
Ormandy, and Balanchine.
Good health and a happy holiday
To Lady Bird and L.B.J.!
Quaff a toast to André Previn,
Canada's Expo 67,
Governor Agnew of Maryland,
Commissioner Howard Leary and
Arthur Fiedler, Erik Howell,
Nelson Algren, and Boog Powell.
Hail the Rockys, Nelson and Win;
Extra oats for Buckpasser's bin!
And pass out shining glorioles
To Hank Bauer and the Orioles.
Pile the presents around the tree
For the newly risen G.O.P.,
But save a few magnificats
For the reëlected Democrats.
Three rousing cheers for Phyllis Diller
And Mrs. G. Macculloch Miller,
And a score or two of glad Noëls
To Peter Weiss, Emil Gilels,
Alan Arkin, Robert Bone,
Thomas Hoving, and Ernie Cardone!
Joy to Hamilton A. R. Gibb;
Peace to the ghost of the *Herald Trib.*
We'll jubilate, come this Twelfth Night,
With Richard Leach and Theon Wright;
We'll frolic in honor of Walter Gropius.
As for Marc Chagall, we hope he is
Carefree, hearty, blithe, and hale,
And that's what we wish for Lee MacPhail.
We'll jig through a lively Irish reel
With Raymond Guest and Brian Friel,
And shake a leg in a brisk mazurka
With Jess Thomas and Blanche Yurka.
Join our wingding, Lovin' Spoonful!
Won't you whip up something tuneful
For Vladimir Horowitz, Ping Ferry,
Buckminster Fuller, and Megan Terry?
Now, Megan, kindly stage a tableau
For Rosie Casals and her Uncle Pablo,
And while you're at it, even try an
Entr'acte for Cornelius Ryan!
Miss de los Angeles, lovely Victoria!
Treat us to some Yule euphoria
By singing an ancient Christmas hymn
For Pablo Neruda and Young Uck Kim.
Mme. Hellman, noted Lillian!
Take our arm for the Yule cotillion;
We'll tread a toe in a minuet
In the foyer of the grand new Met,
With Jane Needles, Barbara Cook,
And Senator Edward W. Brooke.
Huzza for Dr. Connie Guion,
Hillary Waugh, and Jim Ryun!
We dote on Abigail Adams Homans,
And our love for Sylvie is topped by no man's!
We lavish our most gladsome thoughts
On all our gallant astronauts,
And ask St. Nicholas to shed a
Rain of toys on Nicolai Gedda,
Guiomar Novaes, Robin Moore,
Milos Forman, and Aznavour.
Music, if you please, Pete Fountain,
For Anne and Joseph Palamountain!
Sugarplums and marzipan
For Larry Poons and Elaine Mann.
Do you feel strong enough, John Barth,
To haul this Yule log to the hearth? . . .
Well hauled, friend Barth! Now have a shot
Of Christmas grog with Frederick Knott,
Then fetch in several other logs
To warm up Senator Caleb Boggs.
Let's fill a stocking to the knee
To gladden Marietta Tree;
Now let's titillate John Dos Passos
With decibels from strolling bassos,
And how about a Yule hosanna
For the newborn nation of Botswana!
Erich Barnes! Wauhillau La Hay!
Let nothing, darlings, you dismay;
That goes alike for Chantal Goya,
Michael De Bakey, Carlos Montoya,
Rex Stout, Donald Gramm,
And certainly Rita Tushingham.
Step to the mistletoe, Susan Starr,
And there await Jean-Luc Godard,
Rowland Emett, Thomas Beers,
And the Royal Highland Fusiliers!

Peace to doves and peace to hawks;
Peace to William Buckley's squawks!
May Mao become less bellicose,
De Gaulle less psychedelicose,
And may the next year bring surcease
To the torment of all Vietnamese.
Bearing in mind what springs eternal,
We'll keep our hearts and spirits vernal,
Confident of solace from
Some peaceful New Year yet to come.

—Frank Sullivan

CODICILS

THE wind is blustery this evening and the last of the daylight was gray. New snow is coming. It's the twenty-seventh of December, if I'm right. I lose track. Five-thirty on the dot, and there they go again, as they have each night since I arrived in this house ten days back. The songs of Christmas. "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing," et cetera. That and every other carol known to Christian man will be blatting out of that loudspeaker in the front yard from now until eleven. One needn't be told to hark. What's-His-Name—the caretaker, the odd-job man—drives by to turn the machine on and comes back later to turn it off. When they're on, they repeat themselves *by* themselves again and again and again—an achievement of science. Yes, but what *is* his name? I've been trying to remember it all week. Atterman, Atterman. Of course. And there is something else I should know about the carols and that machine, but it escapes me. A great deal escapes me. For a long while, it seemed that all my memory was gone.

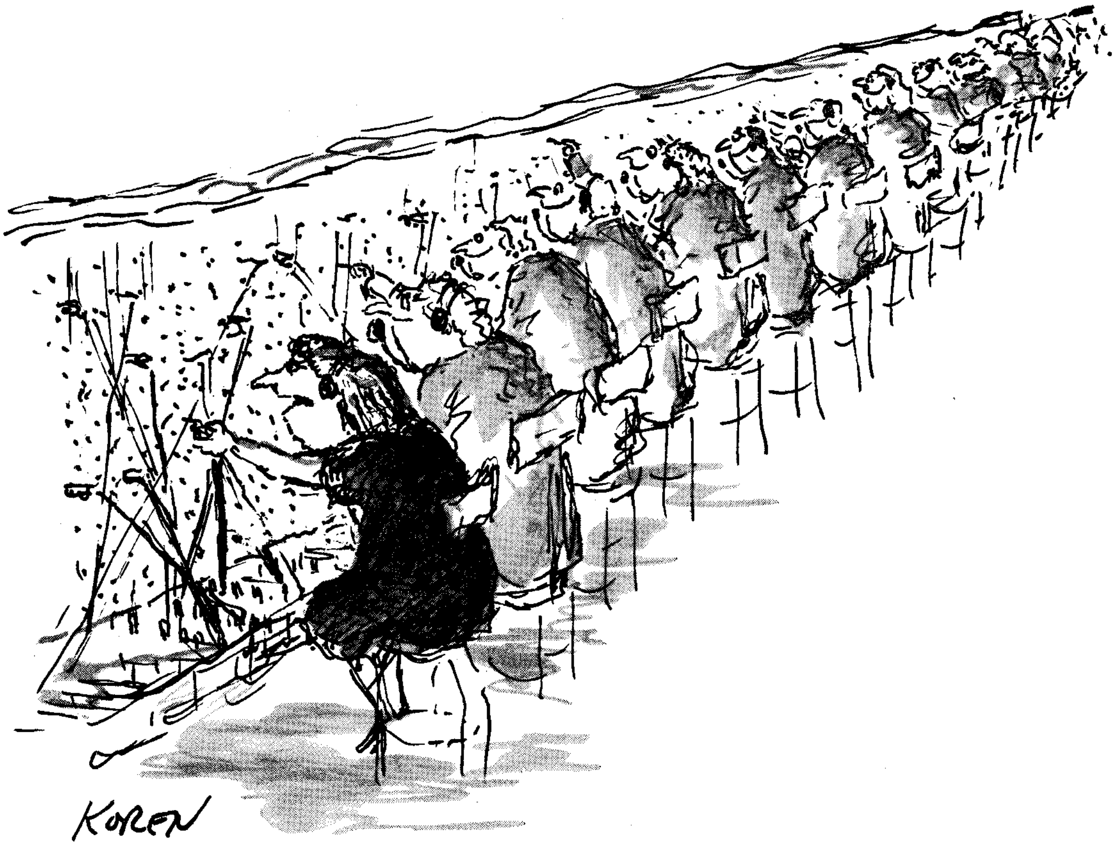
The neighborhood is a caution now. It had grown bad enough when I left it. I've gone as far as the bus-stop drugstore two or three times—that seems to be my limit, my tether—and back up the street. Two blocks. It was like running a gantlet. All the little row houses—squeezed together where a field full of goldenrod used to be—have lost their minds. They twitch. Not a sober, steady light bulb in two blocks; all of them blinking or popping or bubbling. Christmas trees, Santa Clauses, angels, greetings to the firmament, Holy Families, Wise Men, and dwarfs, on such lawn space or house front as there is. Plastic stained glass on the windowpanes, reindeer on the roofs. And then you come to *this* house. Room enough for six of them in its front yard alone. It's almost a lone survivor—there's one old red-clapboard-cottage sort of place across the way—and it looks it. You come on it and it's dark and empty after that jumping street. (It is dark and *largely* empty, and emptiness changes a place. I didn't even recognize the bare rooms when I first got here, though now I know that this house was mine before I passed away, as they put it, two years ago. How long was it mine?) Anyway, here it stands—stucco and brick, fourteen rooms—on a snowy knoll in the upper Bronx, with nothing but darkness back of it where the property slopes through scrub woods to the Hudson. And the carols! They come grinding out of that shielded yellow contraption chained in the corner of the yard, on and on each night without a visible soul around. It's all eerie. I wonder whose idea they are. Atterman's? I don't think so. *Thump, thump, thump!* I wish that boy in the back bedroom would quit bouncing his damned ball. I wonder who *he* is. Knickerbockers! No boy has dressed like that in forty years.

I talk too much, I talk to myself as I am doing now. I must pull myself together and find out more about who I am and how I got here. I am Jeffrey Lonigan Barstow—at least I know that. The last two years are a blank. Let them go. You never know, over here, what you're going to be made to remember or allowed to forget. How old am I—was I—again? Seventy-five, and I find it hard to believe. I feel that I was snatched away before my time. One minute you're on a ladder, pruning the cherry tree before Atterman can come and botch the job, and the next minute you've popped over to this dimension. Broken neck. I never felt it. But here I remember only fragments—trifles—though perhaps I will outgrow that. Apparently memory creeps back, if you apply yourself. And now I seem to be assigned to my own house, though who sent me and what I'm supposed to do here, I have no idea. This manifestation often seems at least as weird as the other one.

BE OBDURATE
Stan Hunt

Yes, but what did I *do* on the earlier plane? I need details. How was I fixed financially, for instance? Pretty well, I surmise. And how can I collect my wits with that unholy mechanical racket going on? The people—the carnates, corporeals—down the block deserve it richly. I don't know what they're celebrating; it certainly can't be Christmas. "Oh, tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy," indeed! But why should such an inane jingling make me think suddenly of lilac bushes? No, not bushes—a scent. My mother, I guess—a sachet in her linen closet. The smooth sheets were folded and lay in stacks. I liked to feel them. The scent also clung to her, and I think I recall a flowery dress that seemed to waft and float around her in the back yard of—yes—this house, near the woods and the river. She played croquet with me there—pretended to play; I must have been four or five. I wonder why I remember her now. I scarcely knew her. I don't connect her with Christmas, but maybe I connect her with joy. Comfort and joy. Once, we sat on the river wall and ate some berries we had picked. I would like to hold on to the odor of lilac a little longer, but it is gone. I would rather it hadn't been brought to my attention by that machine. Well, I have other things to think about.

WHO owns this house now? Did I leave a will? Well, *of course* I left a will, but what did it say? *Why* is the house empty? It does get lonely here. I never was much for company, but I always found plenty to do. I keep clear of that boy, and he keeps clear of me. There's something about him. But there are others—the hairy young man in the sheepskin coat who pans the old, dry creek bed back in the woods. Somebody's son. Ran away to the Klondike in '97. A neighborhood scandal and sorrow. He was my hero. I probably should go say hello to him, but I won't. I doubt if he remembers me. Then there's the scruffy Indian who bargains over pelts with the Dutchman in pantaloons in the drugstore alley. The Dutchman just smokes his pipe and shakes his head, and after a while the Indian stabs him. A reënactment. Nobody notices them, and they don't put too much zip in it, but at least they *have* an assignment. I would go down for a chat with them, but I never was good at small talk. And the pretty, dark woman in bonnet and shawl, who carries a bread knife and runs from window to window of that cottage, peering in—she seems to have her duties. I suppose I could strike up an acquaintance there, but I don't like to. Privacy is privacy, and it works two ways. So I rattle around in this echoing house with some half-witted boy bouncing a rubber ball. I need work—an assignment, like my neighbors. Like *him.* Thump, thump. Hold on. That's Gilbert. Awful little Gilbert, my sister Nettie's child. Got his comeuppance in 1920. Drowned, butted into the lily pond by a goat. I always thought well of that animal.



"Talk, talk, talk!"

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Clank, whir, clack—and on comes "Adeste Fideles." It's in English, but I used to know the Latin. I wonder if I still do. And I wonder why I suddenly see the wide face of my Aunt Laura bent over me to wake me one Christmas morning. She couldn't wait for me to wake on my own. Too pleased with herself. Well, well. Now I remember more of her. She wanted to—tried to—bring me up after my parents died of the typhoid, and that year she was very new at it. She had taken a little house for the two of us. She must have been quite young—a big young librarian from Nebraska. She filled one of my stockings with hard-boiled eggs and oranges—I always was partial to hard-boiled eggs—and hung it, and a large spray of holly, on the footboard of my bed. No tree. No carols. No toys. But I was six, and that was a good enough Christmas. I suppose you would have to say she was eccentric. She was full of crotchets. She never drank water without some vinegar in it—to cleanse it, she said, but I think she liked the taste. It's not bad. Chewed her food thirty-two times, though I don't think that's eccentric. It's a very good cure for dyspepsia. Aunt Laura. She had to give up raising me, eventually. Her parents made her. They had taken Nettie, and they said she and I must be together, I don't know why. I can't stand Nettie, and I don't think I ever could. Aunt Laura went back to Nebraska alone and lived there all alone. I never saw her again. But *she* taught me that song in Latin.

YES, but that is not the kind of thing I want to remember. What was *I*? Something in real estate. My son was with me, and he hated it. Yes, Marvin, my son. A real mummy. He'd be wearing high, stiff collars if he could find them. He was always mistrustful of me, always watching, always trying to get me to move out of this old house. I used to suspect him of wanting it for himself and his family, but then I found out he didn't, and I willed it to him. All he wanted was to raise pecans in South Carolina. I willed him the house and the property on condition it all stay intact. Any future buyer had to agree to keep it so. *That's* why it's empty. Who wants a big place like this, up to its neck in row houses? Of course! I'll be damned. And ten to one Marvin is in Carolina this minute, cracking nuts and worrying about selling it. But why the carols?

"Above thy deep and dreamless sleep, the silent stars go by . . ." That's one that needs to be surrounded by silence. I guess it's the one of them all that I most detest hearing bellowed. Lelia used to play it on the piano. . . . Why, yes—Lelia was my wife's name. And now I remember the year Marvin was twelve. He wore specs and was lumpy and clumsy. He made me a Christmas gift in his manual-training class—a rack for my razors and shaving mug. It was a fright. He gave it a fretwork trimming that looked as if it had been chewed into being by mice. I said as much, or something like it, not supposing he was in the room, and I turned, and there he was, by the Christmas tree, his glasses shining. There was nothing I could say to him. His mother smoothed it over for both of us, but I knew he was trying not to cry and so was she. She was gentle and forbearing—and beautiful, first to last. She died—if that is a proper word now—on a snowy night like this one twenty-five years ago. I wonder where she is.

THAT braying out there has no business stirring a person's mind up, but it manages. Well, I don't want

UNDER THE WINDOW: OURO PRETO

(For Lilli Correia de Araújo)

The conversations are simple: about food,
or, "When my mother combs my hair it hurts."
"Women." "*Women!*" Women in red dresses

and plastic sandals, carrying their almost
invisible babies—muffled to the eyes
in all the heat—unwrap them, lower them,

and give them drinks of water lovingly
from dirty hands, here where there used to be
a fountain, here where all the world still stops.

The water used to run out of the mouths
of three green soapstone faces. (One face laughed
and one face cried; the middle one just looked.

Patched up with plaster, they're in the museum.)
It runs now from a single iron pipe,
a strong and ropy stream. "Cold." "Cold as ice,"

all have agreed for several centuries.
Donkeys agree, and dogs, and the neat little
bottle-green swallows dare to dip and taste.

Here comes that old man with the stick and sack,
meandering again. He stops and fumbles.
He finally gets out his enamelled mug.

Here comes some laundry tied up in a sheet,
all on its own, three feet above the ground.
Oh, no—a small black boy is underneath.

Six donkeys come behind their "godmother"
—the one who wears a fringe of orange wool
with woolly balls above her eyes, and bells.

They veer toward the water as a matter
of course, until the drover's mare trots up,
her whiplash-blinded eye on the off side.

A big new truck, Mercedes-Benz, arrives
to overawe them all. The body's painted
with throbbing rosebuds and the bumper says

HERE I AM FOR WHOM YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING.
The driver and assistant driver wash
their faces, necks, and chests. They wash their feet,

their shoes, and put them back together again.
Meanwhile, another, older truck grinds up
in a blue cloud of burning oil. It has

a syphilitic nose. Nevertheless,
its gallant driver tells the passersby
NOT MUCH MONEY BUT IT IS AMUSING.

"She's been in labor now two days." "Transistors
cost much too much." "For lunch we took advantage
of the poor duck the dog decapitated."

How talkative are the seven ages of man,
how soiled and thirsty!
Oil has seeped into
the margins of the ditch of standing water

and flashes or looks upwards brokenly,
like bits of mirror—no, more blue than that:
like tatters of the *Morpho* butterfly.

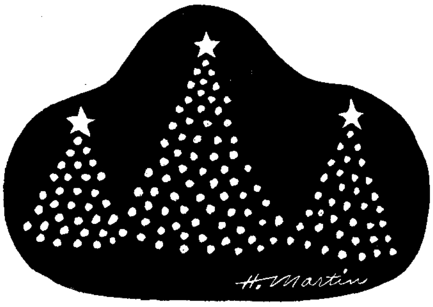
—Elizabeth Bishop

• •

to think about these things. They're all done with. Long gone. I want to think about my will. Marvin got most of what I had, and some went to the single-tax society, and some to the Union for Psychic Science. I could tell *them* a thing or two. Thump. Nettie brought that boy up poorly, as long as he lasted. For a start, she might have had his adenoids out. She lives there in California with more grandchildren named after me than you could shake a stick at. Anchors to windward. Much good it did them. None of them got a plugged nickel. But now I wonder why I quarrelled with her in the first place. I always meant to patch it up, but I never could bring myself to it. She was a pretty girl, I'll give her that. Light hair. She sang in church.

"... On the feast of Stephen
When the snow lay round about
Deep and crisp and even...."

Yes—oh, yes. Deep and crisp and even until it got footprints in it. Now I seem to be about to remember the Christmas Gilbert wandered away from in front of the house and got lost in Van Cortlandt Park. He was seven. They were here on a visit. They came often, while Grandfather was alive. I was a young man, and for a couple of hours I hunted for him over there, slipping and stumbling in the snow. It was growing dark, and I kept thinking how terrified the boy must be. I saw him on the street as I was coming back to call the police. He ran to me. He was shaking with cold and fear, and I picked him up and carried him in here. He felt little and light for seven years old. The night must have seemed very large to him. I guess that was about the only time I ever was glad to see Gilbert, but I was.



I do not want to see and feel these things. I *do not* have to be haunted by this house! But—Grandfather. Want it or not, I have thought of him already, and now no doubt more memories will be coming. The smell of his crooked stogies, and of the witch hazel he used after shaving—and I suppose a smell of his own, and even of the fields where he liked to walk and botanize—penetrated all his clothes. I enjoyed the mixture. He was tall, and I thought he was powerful, and the aroma went with that. But now I see him in the weeks after Grandmother died, when he prowled this house at night, as I have been doing lately. He never cared whether the lamps were lit or not. We had Welsbach mantles. I used to stand at the dining-room window watching the sky fade over the

Palisades, and the lights of boats going by, now and then, on the river. Those twilights were long. Nettie was away at school. I was in my teens, and I didn't know how to comfort him except by just leaving the fixtures unlit as long as possible each night. He had got into a way of talking to himself, though he was only seventy-five. Seventy-five. Well, age is a relative matter. Once, he came and stood at the window beside me without seeming to know I was there. "Damn everything," he said to himself, and then he turned quickly and peered at me and said, "No—it's all right. Don't damn anything." He wandered away in the dark. I watched him. He looked like some kind of big, restless, shuffling ghost with a white mustache.

"Sixty! My goodness, I haven't driven that fast since the day I raced to the polls to vote against the Civilian Review Board!"

• •

I AM standing by that dining-room window again, as it happens. It faces the river, but it also overlooks the back yard. The thumping has stopped. Can Gilbert have left me? Maybe all he needed was to be remembered kindly, more or less—to have a few words spoken almost, you might say, on his behalf. Well, I don't know quite where they came from. So I'm alone. And I don't exactly need another rendition by that box, though it goes right on bringing things back. They are also coming back on their own, and in a flood.

I can see almost the whole yard in the light reflected by the snow—light from the local adornments, maybe, but back here it seems more like starlight. It hangs in the air. I tried to teach Marvin to hit a baseball, out there beyond the syringa. He swung like a rusty gate, and possibly so did I, but I wanted him to hold his own with his friends. There's the summerhouse, still standing. I used to like to sit there on warm weekend afternoons. An orioles' nest once hung on the willow tree beside it. I watched them building it the spring Lelia took sick—watched them and watched them, when I wasn't watching her. I remember—far back—Japanese lanterns down among the trees. Why do these things press in?

It is senseless the way incongruous things are forever thrown together. It always has been, back there as well as here. The best and worst side by side and in no order. Sooner or later, people would desert you—one way or another—if you didn't desert them first. Well, it seems from this vantage point as if I must have deserted. I may not have been as eccentric as Aunt Laura, but I guess I set out to be. Eccentric is only doing as you please. After Lelia died, I kept to myself, and I did my work, and I lived alone.

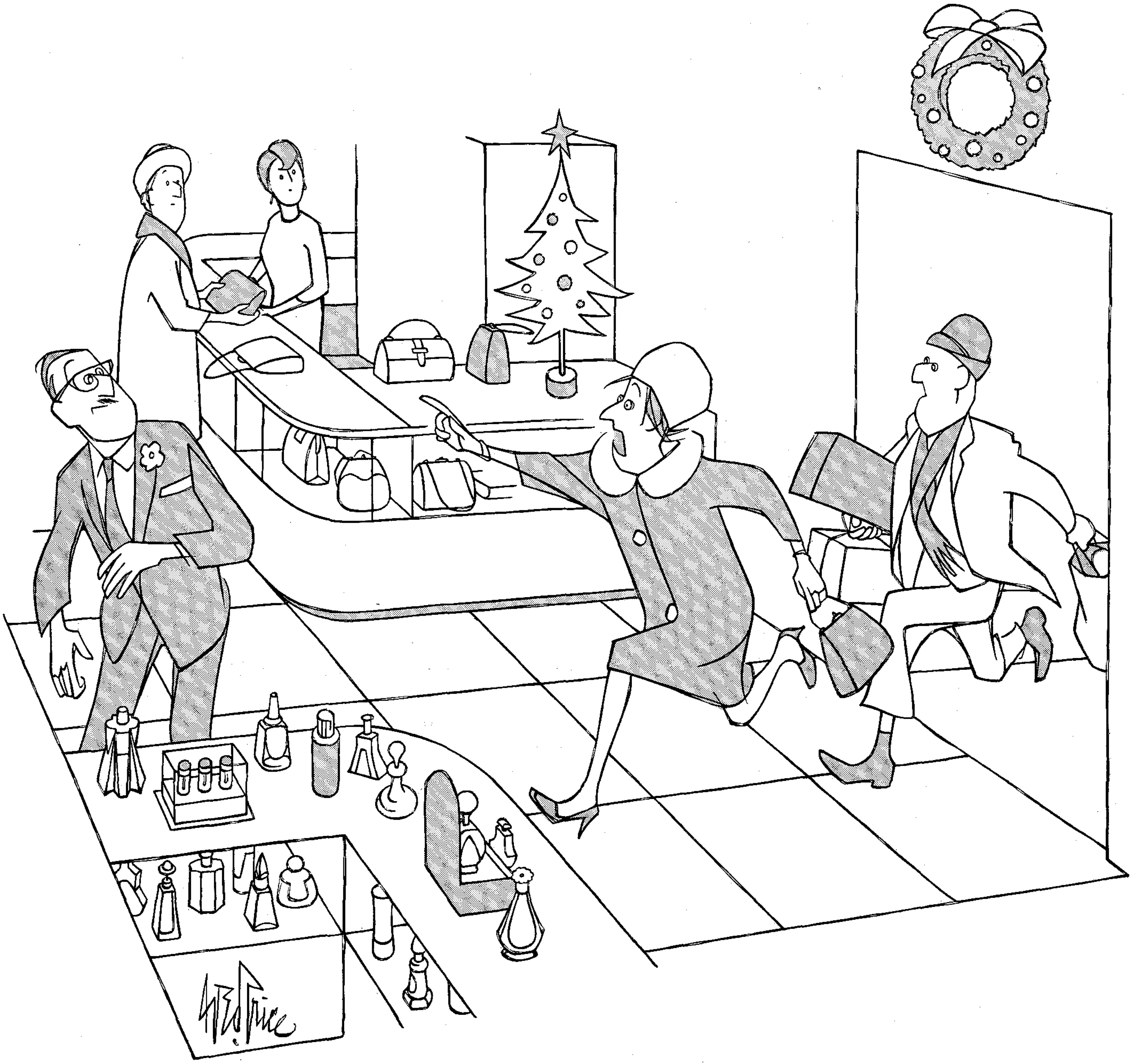
Alone except for the neighborhood creeping in, up and up around me like a damned flood—an *un*dammed flood. Noah's own. I don't imagine I was liked by my new neighbors. I certainly tried not to be. All their neat little yards and their neat little ways. Every little lawn curried like a putting green. I once considered planting my whole front yard in dandelions. *Millions* of seeds. At the least breath of wind. And, before that, a solid sweep of bright yellow. Absolutely beautiful. I'm rather sorry I let myself be dissuaded.

Petitions for this, contributions to that, community spirit. I kept a big dog in the yard for a while. And I also . . .

Well. Well, yes. Oh, for God's sake, that literal fool Marvin! Did he think I *meant* him to stake that thing out there every Christmas season? Why, it was only a little codicil to my will. I was annoyed with the neighbors, as always, and I wanted to annoy *them*. They were determined to get me to take part in their annual rites—put a display out front, or some such—and I hit on this idea. Deafen them. Drive them crazy. I liked it so well that I tacked it right onto my will. Pure pique. What in blazes is Marvin thinking of?

Yes, but it is strange how that mindless cranking can bring so much back in spite of itself from beyond itself. There is more to come, all right. It has only just begun. I feel sure it will go on and on until I have remembered whatever there is to remember. Every inch of every room in this house will see to that. I wonder if just that is my assignment. It's enough for now. The prospect of finding all of oneself is not exactly inviting. Not in my case.

And the oddest thing is how it was all arranged for before I got over here. How *I* arranged it. At whose behest? It is very adroit. But if that's what I'm here for, I might as well get on with it. I suppose it's a kind of codicil to life on the earlier plane. I can see the tool shed back of the garage. And if I'm not mistaken, that is my old ladder lying alongside. Well! Out in



"Last Minute Suggestions?"

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all the weather—rain, sleet, and snow. Someone might have shown a little respect.

DECEMBER 28th. Five-fifteen. Atterman's ahead of time. Coming in the front entrance. What does he *want in here?* He always goes in the basement door, checks the furnace, detonates the carols, and all but runs away. Now he's trying the window locks. Poking around everywhere, looking back of doors.

"Something funny going on," he keeps muttering. "I *know* there's something funny."

Talks to *him*self, does he? He's going down to the basement. I think I'll just go after him.

"Glad when this goddam place is sold."

Well, so will I be. Maybe I'll have company. Carnates, but company.

"*If* it ever is."

Well, yes. There's that.

"Old man was nutty. Squirrels should have got him."

Atterman, I could scare you right out of your britches if I wanted to. This minute.

"Goddam music box."

I could howl, I could materialize.

"My humble opinion, he did it for spite. My *private* opinion. People down the street, they love it."

They what?

"*Grateful.* My hat. 'Thoughtful and kind. Lovely Christmas music. Adds so much. Like a kind of memorial.' "

So. Atterman makes me sick. I'm going back to the dining room. I am back *in* the dining room already, just by thinking of it. That's a handy phenomenon. Oh, my! I almost wish Gilbert were still around, but he's gone. Everyone's gone. And here we are again—Atterman hightailing it to his car, and the memorial Christmas concert starting up once more. "Joy to the world . . ." —ROBERT HENDERSON

•

ROUEN, FRANCE (WNS)—Beauty-contest judges were having difficulty selecting Miss Normandie from the five gorgeous finalists.

They decided that since the physical perfection of the girls was so close, they would pick the winner according to her brain power.

Only one of the five girls was able to name the Premier of France, George Pompilou. She won the title.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

She better take it and beat it.

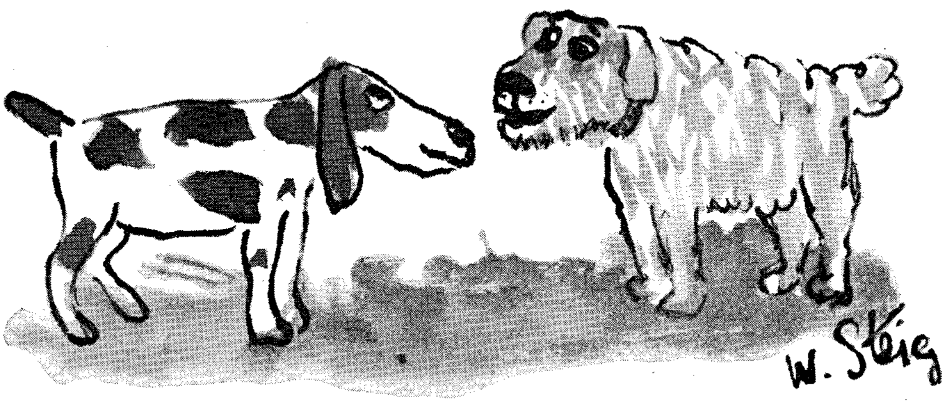
A REPORTER AT LARGE

RES COMMUNIS OMNIUM

NOW that the United Nations is considering the passage of a treaty aimed at ensuring the peaceful uses of outer space, it is worth recalling that the so-called Space Age has been completely international in character for a long time. I was reminded of this a few weeks ago in Madrid when I attended the seventeenth annual congress of the International Astronautical Federation, an organization of astrodynamicists, physiologists, deep-space communications engineers, and other experts from thirty-two countries, whose purpose in getting together is to advance the cause of space exploration. The sessions of the congress took place in the Casa Sindical, the headquarters of Spain's trade unions, which is a modern six-story building with a garish two-tone stucco façade that faces the Museo del Prado across a broad, traffic-congested boulevard. Nearly a thousand people made their way to the Casa for the congress, and for a week its marble corridors and lounges reverberated with the eager multilingual babble of informal conversation on the latest findings concerning the effects of prolonged weightlessness, problems of reëntering the atmosphere, radiation hazards on the moon, and refinements in the guidance, control, and tracking of spacecraft. As for formal discussions, these were held in the Casa's auditoriums and meeting rooms, where audiences could listen through earphones to simultaneous translations as researchers delivered papers whose titles included "Physiological Aspects of the Transition from Space Vehicle to Lunar Environment" (in Swedish), "Combined Action of Accelerations and Hypoxia" (in Russian), and "A Proposal to Investigate the World-Wide Occurrence and Distribution of Thunderstorms by Instrumented Satellites" (in English). As might have been expected, Americans and Russians, the most practiced hands in space technology, were present in large numbers. What was surprising was that the majority of the participants came from countries that have yet to launch a satellite. While many of these had useful data to offer, particularly in the fields of rocket propulsion and communications satellites, there were some whose principal credential was enthusiasm, their admission to the I.A.F. dating back to its early days, when the organization wasn't as choosy as it is now about who joined or why. Now that exploration of the universe is no longer considered a way-out proposition, a committee has been formed to screen out the space-cadet element, I was told by Dr. William H. Pickering, the director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology, who was completing his term as president of the I.A.F. It is doubtful, though, whether the committee will ever be so diligent as to exclude the I.A.F.'s most lustrous member—Her Majesty Queen Mother Frederika of Greece, a handsome woman of stately bearing, who put in daily appearances at the Madrid congress, just as she did a year ago, when it met in Athens. The proceedings at the Casa were given a lift whenever she arrived, with a retinue that included her daughter Princess Sophia and her son-in-law Don Juan Carlos de Borbón, a pretender to the Spanish throne. Most people had the impression that the Queen was combining a visit to her daughter with one of her frequent efforts to give the Greek throne a modern look, but a rumor persisted that she was in fact a nuclear physicist in her own right. The rumor proved to be Space Age mythology, for one morning when the Queen seemed to be holding open court in the front row of a lecture hall I asked her why she had come to the congress. "Space is my hobby," Her Majesty replied. "I am a pure amateur. I cannot grasp technical concepts." A moment later, she and her party were listening raptly to a technical dissertation on the Gemini manned-space-flight program.

The congress was never without some sort of activity. After dark, the Spanish Air Ministry and other national bodies honored the visitors with a series of sumptuous, overcrowded parties. During the day, it was almost impossible to sit down in the Casa lounge for a moment's rest without being proffered a ball-point pen or other "good-will" souvenir by a salesman for some American, British, French, or German manufacturer of space equipment. Among the members, an unrelieved bustle, noisy and hectic, prevailed outside the auditoriums, and when I remarked on this to Dr. Martin Summerfield, a professor of aerospace propulsion at Princeton and the editor-in-chief of the scientific journal *Astronautica Acta*, he nodded understandingly. "This isn't like a meeting of theoretical physicists, is it?" he said. "Their meetings are more on the philosophical and intellectual side. And the physicists themselves are more idealistic, perhaps—that is, they're ready to go hard at an idea even if the chances are that it won't work. There are some scientists here, to be sure, but basically the tone of the congress emphasizes engineering. The members like to talk in terms of big specific projects and of budgets for those projects, and even of public-relations campaigns for getting those budgets."

The press contributed to the restless atmosphere, with television crews perpetually trailing cables and setting up blinding lights, and with various journalists asking questions calculated to whip up Soviet-American rivalry. Before the congress got under way, these reporters were assuring American officials of the I.A.F. that a cosmonaut was due from Moscow at any moment—and, the reporters wanted to know, didn't the United States intend to counter this propaganda ploy? As things turned out, no cosmonaut appeared, but the National Aeronautics and Space Administration did produce an astronaut, Commander Charles Conrad, sending him to Spain from Alaska, where he had been on vacation. Conrad was put on display twice—the first time at the American Embassy, where, in front of a battery of cameras, he told the international press he had come to Spain to present its government with a Spanish flag he had carried on a Gemini flight. (He explained, in answer to a reporter's question, that the flag was one of a bundle of those from all the United Nations that he had taken along.) His second appearance, a less contrived affair, took place in the Casa's largest auditorium and was the best-attended session of the week. This time, Conrad, with the aid of color slides, gave an account of his Gemini flight with Commander Richard Gordon that was direct, intelligent, and modest—and not especially technical in content. Describing his slides in the darkened hall, the astronaut sometimes sounded like a tourist: "Here's a town in Africa whose picture we took at night. You can see the fires in the town. You see many, many fires in Africa," he said, and "This was taken our last day. You can see the Himalayas cleared up for us. I believe this is Mount Everest." Nevertheless, as Conrad went on, in his careful monotone, the attention of



"Your spots are lovely."

• •

his audience deepened. A peculiar unity, it seemed to me, existed between the astronaut and his knowledgeable listeners. He had been where they had wanted him to go, and now, as he stood before them—a short, strong, articulate man—his presence renewed their sense of professional reality. When Conrad came to the end of his travelogue, he was warmly applauded.

PERHAPS the aspect of the congress that struck me most was the casual air with which its participants discussed their work. Nothing seemed to impress them as unattainable, including trips to Mars. As for landing on the moon, that was practically accepted as a *fait accompli.* "The real question is how to use the moon once the ferries are in operation," I was told by Dr. Frank J. Malina, a bearded American aeronautics engineer, who was one of the founders of the Aerojet-General Corporation, and who now lives in Paris, dividing his time equally between astronautical activities and painting "kinetic" pictures with celestial themes. At the congress, Malina was serving as chairman of a symposium concerned with planning a lunar international laboratory—something that had first been proposed at a conference in Stockholm six years earlier, he informed me, even before Russia had sent aloft its first cosmonaut. "All of us at that conference knew how hard it is to set up an international lab here on earth, so we decided it might be wise to begin planning one for the moon," he said.

Malina and his colleagues are convinced that the moon laboratory offers endless research possibilities. One colleague, Malina said, believed that the near vacuum on the moon would make feasible the growing of uncontaminated crystals of various minerals, which is impossible on Earth, and which would have profound implications for solid-state physics. In addition to clearing up a host of scientific riddles, he said, such crystals might serve to make lasers sufficiently powerful and precise to take them out of the experimental realm. Malina went on to say that the laboratory would unquestionably bring about a radical improvement in radio astronomy, since its investigations of outer space would no longer be hampered by the atmospheric obstacles over Earth. The lab's researchers would themselves become prime scientific exhibits, he pointed out, since the health and efficiency of human beings in a lunar environment would be a matter of consuming interest to physiologists and other experts. Malina also thought it likely that the moon would yield extensive mineral deposits. "For all we know, its craters may be covered with diamonds," he said.

At the symposium over which Malina presided, speakers sought to bring the idea of the lunar laboratory closer to realization by discussing the uncertainties involved in the project. Professor H. A. Bjurstedt, of the Karolinska Institutet in Sweden, warned that "the transition from the micro-environment of today's space vehicles to that of a future lunar laboratory is marked by the lack of knowledge concerning the physiological influence of the time factor." We are ignorant, he went on, of how long, if at all, our cardiovascular and other bodily systems can survive under the moon's weak gravitational pull—only a sixth as strong as the gravitational pull of Earth. Professor Bjurstedt also gave respectful consideration to the moon's vacuum, pointing out that it might induce attacks of the bends, or decompression sickness, in inadequately protected crew members who left the artificial atmosphere of their experimental station to explore their mysterious surroundings. Safety first had better be the watchword, he said.

Locomotion on the moon was discussed by various speakers, among them Dr. N. W. Pirie, of the Rothamsted Experimental Station in England. Dr. Pirie, countering some popular fancies, doubted that a lunar colonist would find that the moon's weak gravitational field made walking any easier there than it is here. Climbing stairs or mountains might indeed be easier, he granted, but walking on a level surface would be something else. That, he pointed out, was a matter of raising the center of gravity of the body and letting it fall forward, and, Pirie observed, "This fall will be exasperatingly slow on the moon, so that a positive forward push, as in running or fast walking, will be needed to maintain reasonable speed. Because of diminished weight, the frictional grip given by the feet will be only about one-sixth of normal, so . . . walking will be like trying to run on a slippery floor." Another paper had been written by two Italians and a Japanese, who concluded that the least strenuous method of getting about on the moon would be by jumping; according to their calculations, this mode of progression would enable staff members of the laboratory to attain a speed of eight miles per hour. Jumping would launch a pedestrian in a series of high parabolas for relatively long distances, they noted, and would thus save energy and reduce chances of skids and falls.

One of the symposium's final speakers, Dr. John H. Taylor, a research psychologist at the Visibility Laboratory of the University of California at San Diego, told his audience, in effect, that there wasn't much point in worrying about locomotion on the moon unless the lunar colonists could see where they were going, and this, he declared, would be a formidable feat. He was certain that the colonists would be homesick for Earth's atmosphere, whose filtering of direct sunlight protects our sight. On the moon, he said, the sun would be an ocular enemy, its light naked and cruel as it shone in the otherwise dark sky of the lunar day, which lasts three hundred hours. He felt that unless adequate protective devices were developed, even the reflected glare of the solar disc might temporarily injure the vision of the moon researchers, and an inadvertent glance directly into the sun might injure an astronaut's vision permanently. Also owing to the absence of atmospheric haze, he said, shadows on the moon would be unlike the shadows we know. Standing out in high contrast to their brilliant surroundings, they would be intensely black, so that the terrain they covered would be obscured, or, at best, discernible only with the help of special equipment, such as reflectors. In short, the audience was told, a lab worker making his way over the moon's extremely irregular surface in this confusing chiaroscuro would be denied the visual cues that had always enabled him to estimate the distance and the size of features ahead—a deprivation that might result in what Dr. Taylor described, rather mildly, as "a costly or hazardous accident."

Another I.A.F. symposium dealing with self-preservation in space was devoted specifically to the topic of bioastronautics, which the Dictionary of Technical Terms for Aerospace Use, published by NASA, defines as "the study of biological, behavioral, and medical problems pertaining to astronautics." Perhaps the most interesting point to arise out of this symposium was a disagreement between Russian and American medical men over the desirability of spacemen's using drugs. The disagreement was eventually aired at a special press conference, where the opposing positions were stated by Dr. Oleg Gazenko, of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and Dr. Charles A. Berry, Director of Medical Research and Operations of the NASA Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston. The American approach required little exposition; it was that the spaceman's state of being should be modified as little as possible by the use of drugs. NASA's aim, Dr. Berry said, was to keep the astronaut "normal," permitting him, if the need arose, standard pills for headaches, motion sickness, and diarrhea, and, just prior to his reëntry into the atmosphere, a dose of Dexedrine for extra energy. The Soviet view was that the spaceman's needs called for something more than home remedies—indeed, that space pharmacology was a field meriting immediate and elaborate attention. In the Soviet Union, Dr. Gazenko said, scientists were conducting animal experiments with cardiovascular preparations, narcotics, restoratives, and stimulants. Dr. Gazenko made the point that the human organism might undergo considerable changes as a result of conditions encountered in space, and that such changes must be anticipated and met through the use of drugs; Soviet research, he said, had determined that it was possible for a given drug to induce one reaction on Earth and quite another when taken in orbit. Nor, Dr. Gazenko added, should psychological needs be overlooked. No matter how equable a cosmonaut's temperament might appear, his divorce from Earth would constitute a mental strain. Ideally, in Dr. Gazenko's view, physicians should be aboard all spacecraft, and the spacecraft should be fitted out with pharmacies.

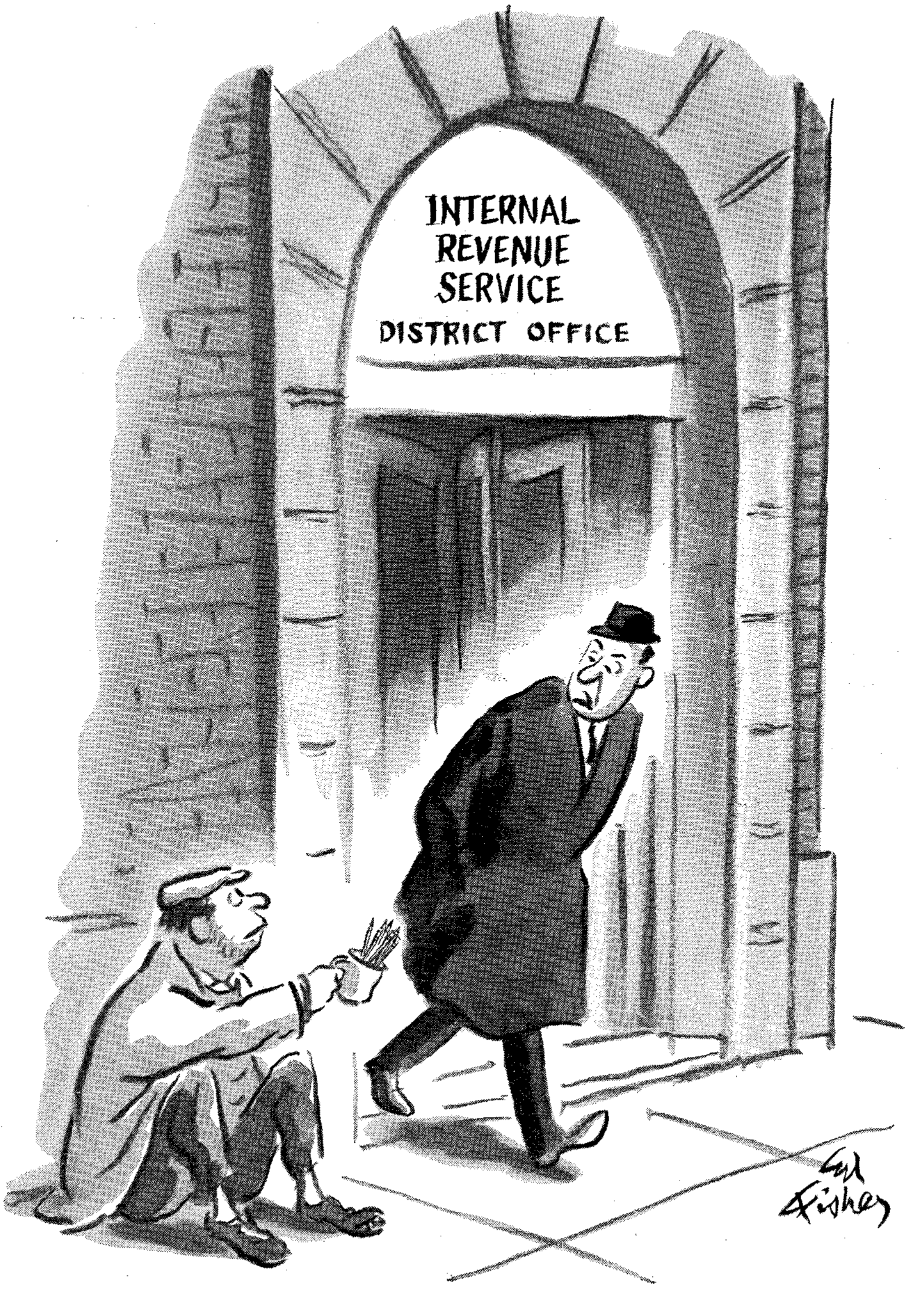
ONE place in the Casa where it was always possible to escape from technological talk was Sala C, a medium-sized conference room off in a corner of the ground floor. Here, throughout the week, about forty space lawyers assembled regularly. They were members of the International Institute of Space Law, which, although a bona-fide section of the I.A.F., was generally rather sniffed at by the engineers and scientists. The lawyers themselves, however, were convinced that their profession would play an important part in the Space Age. Indeed, several of them pointed out to me that evidence to this effect already exists—as witness the international legal arrangements entailed in the creation of the commercial satellite system now in operation. But such immediate problems were not, I gathered, what had drawn the attorneys to Sala C from many parts of the world. Primarily, they were bent on constructing the beginnings of a legal framework against the day when space technology would play a part in everyday life. Eugene Brooks, a New York lawyer, told me, "Up to a point, space law is an extension of air law, but, in my opinion, it will have to consider problems that are entirely unprecedented. One of the chief reasons for this will be the internationalizing impact that space travel and exploration will have—an impact that I believe will be incomparably greater than that of the airplane."

To judge by a paper that Brooks presented, called "Ingredients of an International Planetary Organization," Brooks himself was braced for the impact. "The pace of planetary explorations, which promises a man on the moon in 1968 and a manned Mars landing before the century's end, has exceeded the most sanguine space expectations," his paper began. "But in the matter of international control of planetary bodies, it is not clear that the legal gait of the nations has matched their scientific stride." Then, with a lawyer's relish for detail, he described exactly how a possible International Planetary Organization might operate, going into such matters as the number of members that a Space Commission would have (eleven); the manner in which they would be chosen and removed; just how international in character the projected agency's staff would be; and even the social-security and medical benefits to which employees would be entitled. The International Planetary Organization, Brooks' paper stated, would enable governments to underwrite space ventures jointly. The value of this would far transcend mere economy, he went on, for "the circularity of the argument that a nation must act on its own to further its power and further its power to act on its own must on some occasion give way to the view that sovereign energies can be ac-

"I said it's really wonderful to spend Christmas Day with you, Grandma!"

commodated on a multilateral basis for a constructive purpose."

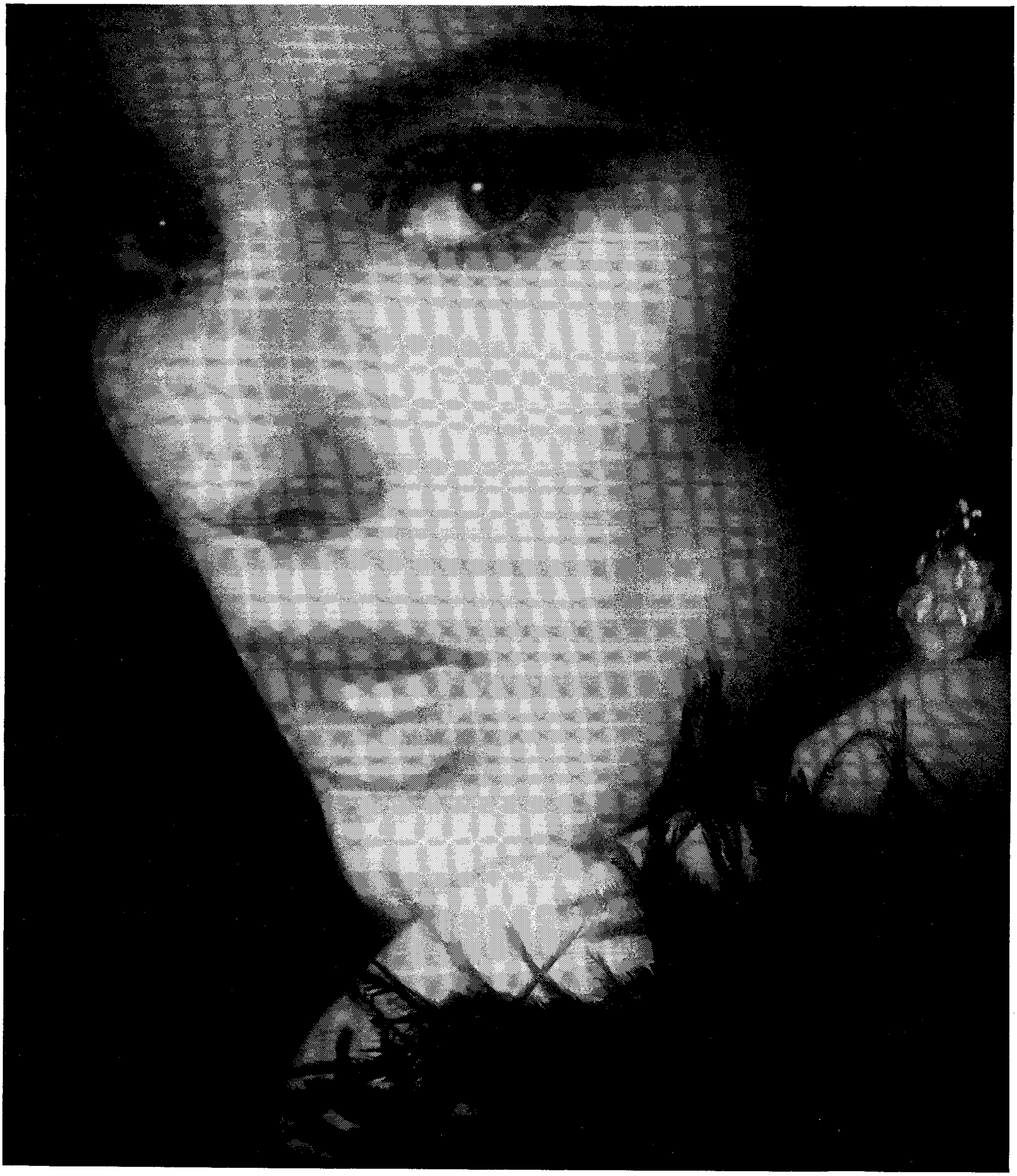
Everything that was said or read in Sala C had international implications, whether the lawyer holding forth was from Chile or Hungary or France or Austria. This applied when the lawyers contemplated the possibility that someone on Earth might be clonked by a hunk of debris that had reëntered the atmosphere. Would it always be possible, they asked, to identify the nation responsible for the injury? If not, should the injured individual be compensated by a combination of governments? Should a registry of all spacecraft in operation be maintained by an international agency of civil servants? A Polish jurist, Dr. Jerzy Sztucki, made the point that no one had clearly defined the term "space object." Should this category, he asked, include rockets that failed to enter orbit and jettisoned stages of rockets that had never been intended to enter orbit? And what about rockets that were designed only to reach altitudes inaccessible to conventional aircraft, and didn't enter space at all? Another lawyer, Professor Alex Meyer, of the German Federal Republic, explored a question that had been much discussed at past meetings—the limits of national sovereignty. "It will not be possible to draw a geographically or topographically exact borderline between the space filled with air and outer space void of air, the air becoming gradually thinner and thinner," Professor Meyer argued, and he continued, "The borderline can . . . only be fixed *numerically* by an international agreement of the States, even if the limit to be provided for between air space and outer space would not exactly correspond to the geographical or topographical facts."



"You sure picked a hell of a spot, Mac!"

"How can anything we discuss here fail to be international in scope?" Dr. Michel Smirnoff, of Yugoslavia, a director of the International Institute of Space Law, asked me, rhetorically. "The plain fact is that national sovereignty will be *technically* impossible in space. Everything rotates there. It is impossible to contain a spaceborne vehicle within national boundaries. Legal agreements must take into account that an orbit is the only natural path such a vehicle can follow. To a spaceman, travelling at five miles per second, the borders of Belgium, for example, may mean something for perhaps as long as one minute, after which he and Belgium will be bound for elsewhere. To me, our future is clear: the doctrine of national sovereignty will be replaced by that of *res communis omnium*—the common good of all. Our ideologies will seem petty compared to the magnitude of the missions we will have, and I think we will all know this for ourselves when we find intelligent life on other planets. If it is of low intelligence, our impulse will be to lead the creatures we have discovered; if it is of superior intelligence, and friendly, our mission will be to learn as we are led."

APART from the lawyers, I met few people at the congress who had given much thought to the social implications of their work. For the most part, the participants seemed a confident band of brothers who knew exactly where they were going. It made one feel like a killjoy to ask them *why they wanted to go there*—so often was the question greeted with bewildered looks. Now and then, however, it was possible to find a researcher who took the question in stride. One such was A. A. Gurjian, of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, a short, amiable man with whom I chatted one morning outside an auditorium. Academician Gurjian's social vision, I found, was closely tied to his specialty—space physiology, which he had been concerned with since 1956. He was convinced, he told me, that the exploration of space would enable us to discover the origin of our species, and that this would have an important bearing on world affairs. "The more we learn about what goes on up there, the more we will understand about our life down here," he said. "In fact, this is already proving to be the case." He went on to tell me about some recent laboratory experiments in his country which had shown that the bodies of living organisms could be changed by ex-



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posure to conditions *opposite* to those found in space. For example, he said, young rats exposed to increased gravitation grew up significantly smaller than others in the same family. This, he said, was but a sample of the type of knowledge he felt we were destined to acquire, and it was inevitable, he thought, that such knowledge would affect our social fortunes. “In my opinion, international agreements will become more meaningful as we begin to see how our evolution began and where it is taking us,” Gurjian told me. “Such agreements will be more than political, for they will be reinforced by biological understanding. People of the world will know each other deeply then.”

Another Russian I talked with was Professor K. Y. Kondratyev, an atmospheric physicist and perhaps the most distinguished Soviet researcher at the congress. A quiet-spoken, pleasant-faced man in his forties, he is a world-renowned figure in meteorology and is also the rector, or president, of Leningrad University, which, after Moscow University, is the second largest in the Soviet Union. Kondratyev's social awareness, like Gurjian's, appeared to have been shaped by his work rather than by political or philosophical tenets. His career, he told me, had started when, many years before, he had sought to learn why artificial smoke clouds were able to protect plants against frost. The problem had aroused his curiosity about the process of heat transfer in the atmosphere, he said, and ever since then his studies of the atmosphere's vertical temperature profile had been taking him, professionally speaking, higher and higher. “Now I am at the moon,” he remarked, smiling, “and so are many others.” And now, he went on, he wanted his own country and others to launch manned weather satellites. These, he maintained, would be superior to the unmanned ones currently in use, which, he felt, lost something in their transmission of information, and, of course, could not be repaired when their instruments faltered. “But what wonderful instruments are a man's eyes and brains!” he exclaimed. Observers constantly aloft in space, Kondratyev said, could make immediate forecasting possible, in contrast to the totally automated processing of data that is now the practice. He told me that he and various colleagues had been campaigning for manned weather satellites since the Athens congress a year ago, and that he had no doubt of their eventual success. The reason, he declared, measuring his words, was “the extraordinary degree of international coöperation that exists in the field of meteorology.” Whatever the depths to which the Cold War had plunged, he said, it had never seemed to impede the free and orderly exchange of data between him and his counterparts elsewhere; certainly he had detected no lessening of this harmony recently when he presided over a meeting of the Advisory Commission of the World Meteorological Organization at Geneva. Such sustained international coöperation was, of course, not necessarily restricted to meteorology, he noted, but still it was rare, and he believed that the manner in which weather constantly and universally affected us had a lot to do with the coöperation. Whether we lived in a theoretically comfortable city or on an open tundra, he said, our dependence on the elements was so complete that it resisted the intrusion of politics. And yet people everywhere allowed political tensions to obscure for them the daily difficult, and satisfying, struggle with nature that had always confronted those who would survive. Once the moon was reached, he said enthusiastically, the rigors of exploration there could prove to be a dramatic reminder of that struggle. It was in this possibility that he perceived the social promise of the Space Age. “Ah!” Kondratyev exclaimed with satisfaction. “The deep vacuum that is on the moon, the special suit to wear, the temperatures that go so quickly from minus a hundred Centigrade to plus seventy!”

Unlike his Russian confreres, Dr. Hisashi Saiki, a Tokyo physiologist I met at an I.A.F. reception, had no theories that space technology might lead to a tranquil world. Naturally, he hoped it would, he said, but there was no telling. Japan was about to start launching satellites, he went on, but the space movement in his country was still young. Big developments were in the works, as the world would presently learn. As for his place in the scheme of things, most of his professional time was spent as Chief of Space Medicine at Jikei University, where, he said, his work was academic, not military. “I feel that as long as I am in medicine, I am doing right,” Dr. Saiki told me. “If I find something that can apply to clinical medicine, it is most satisfying. My colleagues feel the same." With this, Dr. Saiki fell silent, and I supposed he had nothing further to say. I was wrong, but when he resumed speaking, he sounded as though he were forcing himself to go on. "Yes, our work at the university is academic," he said. "But there is also another program, a military one. We are not a part of it, but its people are interested in our research, so it may be said that we have a relationship with the military. I am able to understand that there should be a military program. If there is a meaning to the weapon that ended the last World War, it is that science cannot be stopped. Your country proved this, but now we are afraid not of you but of China and her science." As he left me, he added, "I hope I have not talked too roughly."

A vice-president of the I.A.F., Professor M. Łunc, who is a theoretical aerodynamicist at Warsaw University, served as chairman of a symposium concerned with methods of higher education in the teaching of astronautics. He was a bald, round-shouldered man in his fifties, with a manner that I thought made him just the person for the assignment; it was very much that of the educator—patient, benign, reflective. He talked with me in a corridor outside the offices used by the I.A.F. secretariat—probably the most hectic area in the Casa. Officials and clerks were constantly dashing in and out of the offices, and a steady flow of congress people brushed past us on their way to one meeting or another. But Professor Łunc had asked a friend to meet him where we stood, so we did the best we could amid the hubbub. The Professor's chief hope for space education, I learned, lay in the organizing of international teams of students to work together on specific astronautical problems. The sooner that happened, the better, the Professor said, since the field involved so many disciplines that it simply had to take advantage of all available brainpower. Glancing down the corridor in search of his friend, Łunc said that of course it might be difficult to organize such international student teams, but it would not be impossible. If the teams did come into being, he went on, it was conceivable they might exercise a positive political effect, but at all costs they themselves must avoid politics. "That would not be good," he said emphatically. "That could lead to conflicting opinions, controversy." Then, in a milder tone, he asked me, "Do you think I am being ostrichlike?"

It would be difficult to think that, I

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said, just so long as agreements calling for international coöperation were in force before space exploration got going in a big way.

Łunc shook his head. "It is not necessary to wait for such agreements before going ahead with the organization of student teams."

"Why not?"

"Because the bonds of science and technology are stronger than those of politics," Łunc replied. "A month ago, I was at a mathematical meeting in Moscow, and a theorem was presented there that was shown to be neither false nor true—it was what mathematicians call 'intermediate.' That is the way I feel about political opinions. It is neither false nor true that they influence science and technology."

A phalanx of moon-laboratory men made their way past us. As Łunc and I flattened ourselves against the wall, we could hear German and Russian rising from the phalanx.

"Take two priests," Łunc said, after we had regained some breathing space. "I speak of Copernicus and Mendel. Each evolved a theory that contradicted the opinion of his church. But does their church believe their theories today?" He nodded vigorously. "If one seeks to take the truth in an absolute sense, then politics comes to science, not the other way around."

"But what if space research brings about the invention of more weapons?" I asked.

"New knowledge always yields new applications, but does that mean we must use them all?" he replied. We had to find out what was in store for us, he said, even at the risk of exporting our crises to other planets.

In effect, I thought, he was seconding Dr. Saiki's assertion that the course of science was unstoppable. Indeed, the point seemed just about incontrovertible at that particular moment as we stood watching the restless, confident parade of propulsion engineers, structural engineers, physiologists, and meteorologists—along with a few attendant lawyers.

"The important thing is the pursuit of knowledge," Łunc said to me, as his friend finally appeared. "No political restraints should be placed on that. It is science that changes politics. But why separate them? Science itself is a political event." —DANIEL LANG

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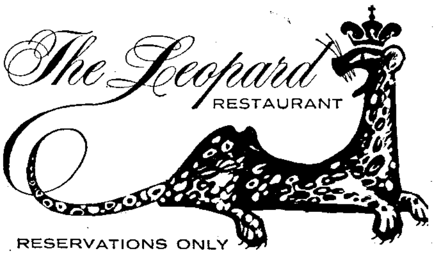

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THE THEATRE

BUMPKINS AND PUNTERS

AT the outset of "A Joyful Noise," at the Mark Hellinger, we meet a wandering minstrel named Shade Motley who has drifted into the environs of Macedonia, Tennessee, during a melodious ramble through a good many states of the Union. He is equipped with a guitar, and wastes no time in cutting loose with his first number, "Longtime Travelin'," in which he informs us that he's had his fill of roaming. The lyrics of this song are primitive and the music is not stimulating, and this, unfortunately, sets the tone for the rest of "A Joyful Noise," whose title derives from the Hundredth Psalm. The author, Edward Padula, knows not only his Psalms but also practically all the clichés of corn-pone musicals, and even the presence of John Raitt, who has a fine set of pipes, in the leading role cannot make the play go. Mr. Padula, who based his book on a novel by Borden Deal, is obviously entranced by the Grand Ole Opry hokum that used to afflict the airwaves, and so, I presume, are Oscar Brand and Paul Nassau, who collaborated on the music and lyrics. Although every now and then there is a tolerable song or a dance, the plot keeps intruding before anything in the way of sustained entertainment can be developed. This plot, a rheumatic one, describes how our minstrel falls in love with the daughter of the leading curmudgeon of Macedonia, who wants her to marry a parson; is ordered out of town by the curmudgeon; and then is taken in hand by an entrepreneur of country singers, who makes him famous. The dialogue employed to develop this guff is appropriately witless, but the show does have, in addition to Mr. Raitt's singing, the advantage of some dancing by Swen Swenson that is quite slick and in pleasant contrast to the overall clodhopping choreography. Along with writing "A Joyful Noise," Mr. Padula also co-produced and directed it. In the present instance, he might be described as a triple-non-threat man.

"AGATHA SUE, I LOVE YOU" departed from Henry Miller's after five performances. It was the first play written by Abe Einhorn, a veteran theatrical property man, to be produced on Broadway, and the hundred-and-eighth play with which George Abbott, who directed it, has been connected. Although both these gentlemen obviously should know their way around, they seemed very uncertain of their footing in this get-together. Mr. Einhorn's comedy had to do with a couple of broke horseplayers and an innocent female folk singer, all of them residents of a fleabag hotel in Manhattan. The horseplayers, anxious to raise a stake, steal the folk singer's guitar in order to hock it, and the folk singer meanwhile falls in love with one of the horseplayers and moves in with the punters on the ground that "three can live as cheaply as one and a half." Mr. Einhorn didn't seem to know just what to do with his trio after introducing it, and the remarks he put into the mouths of his characters were flat indeed. Mr. Abbott, who was so happy with horseplayers in "Three Men on a Horse," was singularly unsuccessful in enlivening the action of "Agatha Sue, I Love You," and as members of the threesome Ray Walston, Corbett Monica, and a charming first-time starter named Lee Lawson were all losers.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE LITERARY LIFE

[*From Writer's Digest*]

Another sure-fire interest catcher is to invent or use unusual methods of murder. Shoot or stab if you must, but leave the poison to women killers. You can slip in a strangulation if you come up with an unusual garrote. Use your creative talents—how about suffocating a victim by jamming the hose of a fire extinguisher into his mouth and turning it on? Or wrapping a trussed and weighted victim in plastic film and dropping him into the river so he has a choice of smothering or struggling and drowning? Some of these gimmicks make wonderful traps for the hero to be caught in, also. That gives you the double task of inventing the gimmick and a way for him to get out of it. The hero should get into desperate situations occasionally, and you should make them as exciting as you can.

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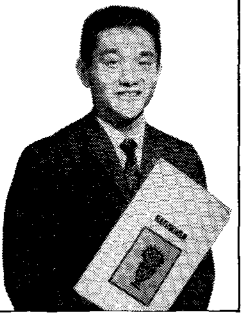

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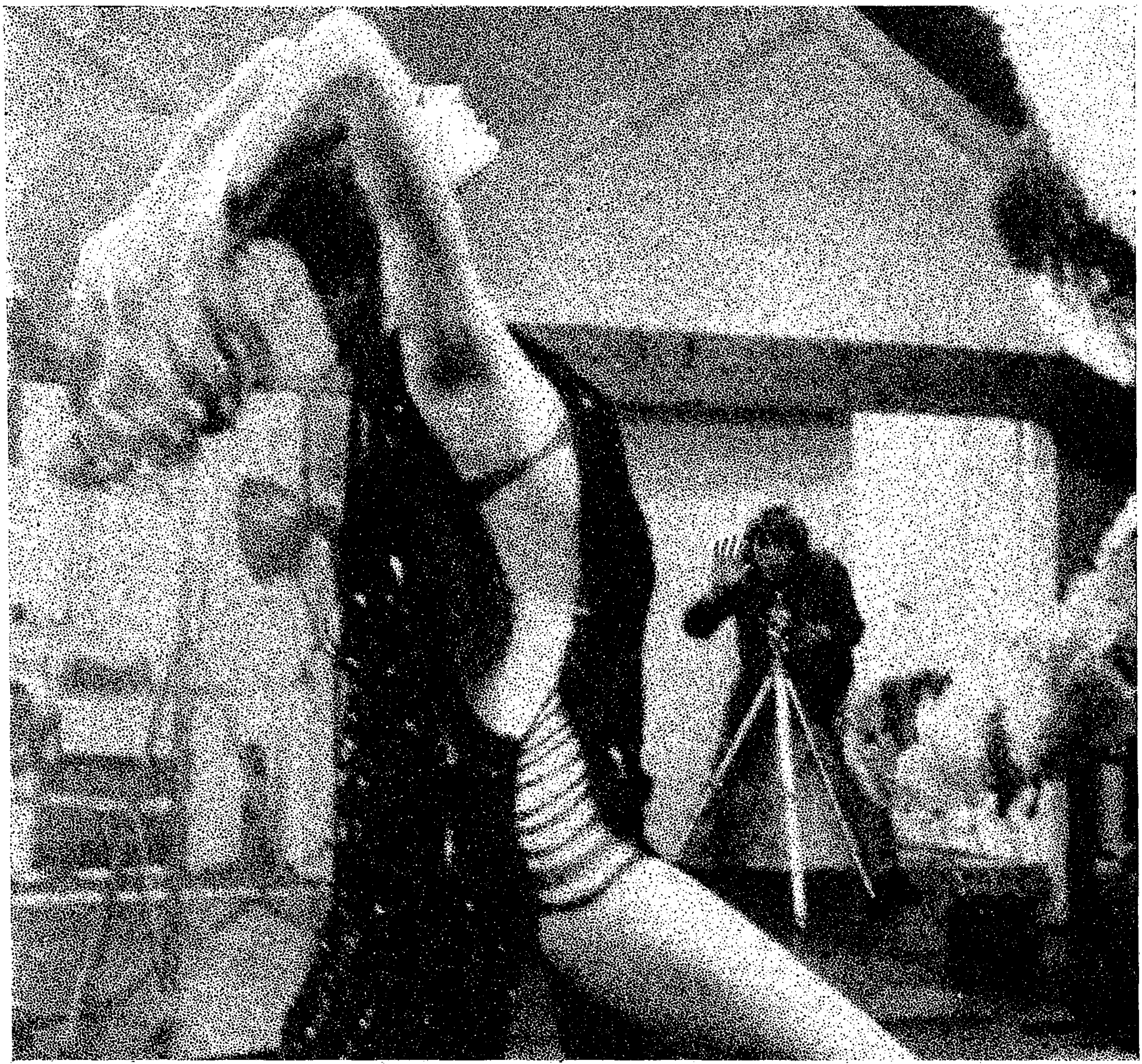
THE AIR

Main Currents of American Thought (Cont.)

FIRST things first. That was a terrific football game the other weekend between the San Diego Chargers, Baltimore Colts, New York Giants, Buffalo Bills, Philadelphia Eagles, Green Bay Packers, Cleveland Browns, Oakland Raiders, Penzance Pirates, Baylor, Clemson, Auburn, Alabama, U.C.L.A., U.S.C., S.M.U., Artaxerxes High School, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, which was televised on everybody's favorite channels (with only occasional interruptions for glimpses of the Perth Amboy Surfing Championships, the Harrow squash finals, and what may or may not have been a Conelrad Early Warning signal) between the hours of noon on Saturday and evensong on Sunday. Viewers will not readily forget the brilliant passing attacks of Starr, Snead, Jurgenson, Brody, Namath, Unitas, Hadl, Jethro, Cathcart, W. W. Wiggins, Dinsmore, Burlingame, and Brevet Major de Peyster, or the exciting catches by veteran receivers Dowler, Mitchell, Ditka, Morrison, Renfro, Hayes, Loman, Henderson, Matthews, W. W. Wiggins, and Harry Joe Moon, or the dramatic runs by Taylor, Pitts, Perkins, Marshall, Smith, Kilpatrick, Huntington, Massoon, W. W. Wiggins, Lockmaster, Noble, and Cadbury (or possibly Basingstoke), or, indeed, the superlative place-kicking by Axelrod, Buckmayer, and Sarkis (Big Swede) Sarkisian, the veteran ninety-year-old Armenian kicking specialist, who, standing (as is his custom) with his back to the ball, his massive right heel encased only in his grandmother's Pucci scarf, lofted a fifty-four-yard field goal between the uprights in the last two seconds of play. Final score: 456–350. During half time, spectators were entertained by an on-the-field reënactment by Chief Referee Abe Magruder and his staff of last week's ten-most-interesting clipping penalties, and by the Artaxerxes High School Band, which executed a series of tableaux adapted from the Book of Hours of Catherine of Cleves (and very nicely, too). The game will be reshown in its entirety on the Buzz Carter "Reshow of the Game in Its Entirety" program between the hours of Monday and Wednesday, after which viewers may turn to Victor Van de Velde's fascinating "Some Thoughts About Next Week's Game" program, in which Van de Velde attempts to guess all the plays that will be used the forthcoming weekend and interviews Buzz Carter.

All right, now. Everybody back to his desk. There have been a number of big shows in the past few weeks, such as "Blithe Spirit" (on N.B.C.) and "The Glass Menagerie" (on C.B.S.), that I feel I ought to say something about, but since the programs are over and done with— Well, actually, when you come right down to it, they're probably not over and done with at all. I know people keep telling one about what a "voracious medium" television is, about how it "chews up scripts" and "devours material"—very digestive metaphors all—and I suppose that's certainly true, especially if you happen to be in the business of, say, turning out a hundred-and-forty-page script for "The Virginian" each week and seeing your show appear for one brief stretch of ninety minutes and then vanish into thin air. But do these things always vanish? It seems to me that often they don't, that the very demand for material that results in television's inhaling such immense quantities of stuff into its machinery also results in television's spewing it all back out, in a kind of never-ending, circular outpouring of old and new—there's Hugh Downs as big as life this morning, coming to you live-alive-o *this very morning* from Rockefeller Center; you switch a channel and there is Felix the Cat coming to you (nearly alive) from 1938. It's not a point that I'd really want to lean too hard on, but it often seems to me that, given the fact that there appears to be so little easeful, fluid continuity today in life between past and present, there's more of this continuity to be found in television (albeit usually in a kind of harebrained way) than in a good many places where one might be more likely to look for it. You go into Brentano's (to say nothing of most other bookstores) and ask for last year's routine, interesting novel, and you probably won't get it. You go looking for last year's movie, and you probably won't find it—last year's play, last month's gallery show. There are revivals, of course. You can always find "Grand Illusion" playing in New York. (Sometimes, it seems, you can *only* find "Grand Illusion" playing in New York.) You can see "Annie Get Your Gun" at Lincoln Center. They are now making a big deal out of



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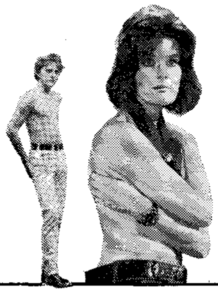

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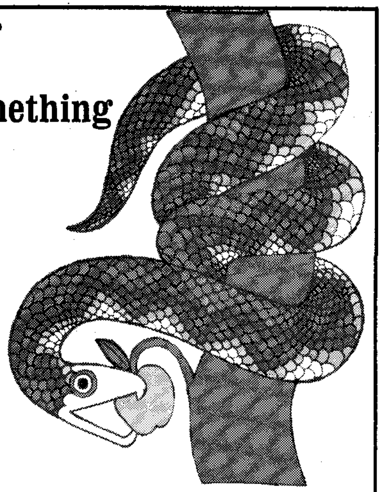
George S. Kaufman on Broadway. But there's something so formal and "historic" about revivals, a sense of a wall having been built between our world *here* and the world where "You Can't Take It with You" exists, or existed, and that somebody has almost literally gone up, up, way up and over the wall, has put all the stuff in trunks and suitcases and lugged it back to where we now sit, in dark-blue suits and little strings of pearls, and look at it with the kind of stiff unease of people who try so well-meaningly to "make contact" with "old persons." Television devours—it does indeed devour. It has all that time and emptiness to fill, and so takes in anything and everything, but then it often keeps it and pays it out again a bit at a time: old, new, bad, good, back to back, this morning's space shot blurring blandly into Brian Donlevy ("Watch out, Sarge! That Zero's coming back again!") on Wake Island, last year's "Secret Agent," this year's "I Spy," Andy Williams, Walter Cronkite, Shirley Temple in "Heidi," Greta Garbo movies, Rod Serling movies, Ann Sheridan riveting Liberty ships, John Wayne knocking down Montgomery Clift, Vietnam, James Cagney ordering the carrier Enterprise into the Coral Sea ("If Admiral Yamamoto acts the way I think he's going to act . . ."), "Donald Duck Meets the Führer," and Johnny Carson. It's a bit like one of those small-town libraries (which probably don't exist anymore) where there aren't so very many books (but enough), and no Henry James, no Henry Miller, where "Two Years Before the Mast" is to be found, but under "Boating," and where there are lots of magazines, old copies of *Time* current-events tests, and the complete works of Fenimore Cooper and Walter Edmonds (as a matter of fact, "Drums Along the Mohawk" was on TV the other night—the 1939 job, with Henry

Stir up something



In a sense, no magazine in the world stirs things up like Newsweek. It's quoted more often than any other newsweekly in the press and on the air.

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Fonda—and it was a fine, stirring Old Wave movie).

N.B.C.'s "Blithe Spirit" was O.K., too, although it was overcompressed. As for "The Glass Menagerie," I thought this was very well done, and had been excellently adapted and attuned to the detached intimacies of the TV closeup—even the commercials (for Xerox) were handled in a halfway decent fashion, and with none of this Amalgamated-Sprocket-pats-itself-proudly-on-the-head-as-it-brings-another-fabulously-enriching-hour-of-culture-into-your-poor-benighted-lives nonsense. It was also interesting to *really listen to* Williams' first big-league play again; I'd forgotten how jerry-built the celebrated gentleman caller is (and what a tour de force it is to play him successfully, as I thought Pat Hingle did), and how "poetic" much of the poetry sounds, and how, in spite of such cavils, the play has one of those absolutely extraordinary single visions behind it, so that it truly touches one, even across that mesh of wires and film and magnetic tape. I know they probably revive "The Glass Menagerie" from time to time in theatres, but it was very pleasant to, so to speak, slip into it at home, between some Western and the eleven-o'clock news, as if we were all part of the same world.

—MICHAEL ARLEN

•

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•

BALTIMORE, Nov. 23 (AP)—The operator of a national contest called "Win-A-Maid," which offered the use of a luxurious penthouse, complete with a pretty woman, was indicted yesterday in Federal Court on mail fraud charges.

The Government contends that the contest was actually a scheme to sell wrist watches under false pretenses. —*Washington Post.*

The Government is a fool.

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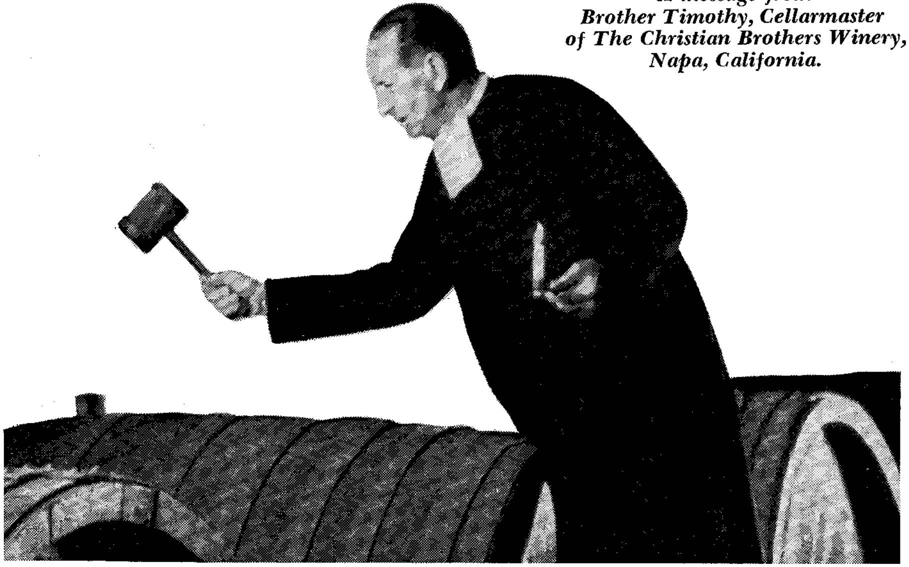

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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JOAN SUTHERLAND'S appearance in Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday evening of last week was, as might have been expected, a great occasion. To be sure, her phenomenal voice took a little time to warm up (there were a few uncertain notes during the first act), and there was the indistinctness of enunciation that has been remarked upon before and that, for all I know, is a necessary accessory to her kind of singing. (This point is difficult to judge simply because there is no existing singer comparable to her.) In any case, neither of these criticisms is of moment in view of the tremendous range and flexibility her voice possesses and the musical and dramatic artistry with which she uses it. Miss Sutherland, as nearly everybody is aware, is a vocal phenomenon comparable in its way to Niagara. Her agility is such that she can fling cascades of *fioritura* into the air as if they were splashes of foam. She doesn't have to be careful and studied about this, or to calculate the pitch and duration of each note. The notes all come out exactly right, though they are produced with an insouciance that seems entirely impulsive and makes you forget, at moments, that prodigious feats of vocal athletics are taking place. Moreover, Miss Sutherland is an accomplished actress in the manner of opera singers (that is to say, she conveys a huge range of shades of emotion purely through vocal means), and she is a good actress in the usual sense, able to hypnotize her audience by her involvement in the drama—even merely by her presence. She has her own ideas about *bel-canto* phrasing and emphasis, and this is altogether proper. The great singers of the period she specializes in (the early nineteenth century) all had *their* own ideas in this respect, and this is one of the things that made the period an endlessly fascinating one to its audiences. You could not then always tell exactly what a soprano was going to do, and today you can't predict Miss Sutherland, either. All you can be sure of is that you are about to hear something very special. Miss Sutherland has, of course, appeared in "Lucia" here before—always creating the same kind of stir—but vocally, except for the few notes in the first act that did not come through with exemplary clarity, she outdid herself this time, and the ovations were intense and prolonged.

A complete surprise to me was the outstanding performance of John Alexander, who sang the role of Edgardo. Mr. Alexander, a discovery of the New York City Opera, has improved enormously since I last heard him, and he is now certainly one of the two or three finest Italian- and French-type tenors at the Metropolitan. His voice is handled with refinement, and it is a big one. It has the genuine ring of the great lyric tenor in passionate passages, and it responds to an obvious intelligence in matters of phrasing. I am sorry I missed his Faust. Perhaps the Metropolitan does have a fine Faust after all—something better than the Raimondis, Geddas, and such whom I have recently heard in the part. Among the other roles in "Lucia" were an undistinguished Lord Ashton, sung by Anselmo Colzani, and a well-sung though small-voiced Raimondo, taken by Nicola Ghiuselev.

Miss Sutherland's husband, Richard Bonynge, conducted the performance. He did so, on the whole, expertly, and he is so well acquainted with Miss Sutherland's habits of singing that she and the orchestra were always precisely together, despite the liberties that she is accustomed to taking with tempo. I have only one criticism of the singing, and this may be a criticism of the director, Margherita Wallmann, or her current deputy, rather than of Mr. Bonynge. I long to hear a robust, rhythmically rousing Sextet at the end of Act II—an affair with swords drawn and fury and dismay expressed by the principals. I have not heard such a Sextet in many years. I remember one with Galliano Masini as Edgardo, Tagliabue as Lord Ashton, and Pinza as Raimondo, but that was long ago, and casts like that are hard to find nowadays. The noble "Lucia" Sextet deserves something more exciting than a limp, detached reading.

I have other objections, too, about the way "Lucia" was presented. The current scenery and costumes, by Attilio Colonnello, constitute the most expensive-looking "Lucia" production I have ever seen. Fur and textiles of the most lavish sort cover nearly every-

Bringing home the Christmas tree — photo by Burt Glinn

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body onstage, and the old-oaken-abbey effect is striking. But this luxurious staging is deficient in a couple of respects as a background for what goes on in "Lucia." There is no staircase at the top of which Lucia can make a true entrance in the Mad Scene. Miss Sutherland had to creep in, quite undramatically, behind a row of columns. Then, the return of Edgardo, just before the Sextet, was equally undramatic—in fact, almost unnoticeable among the ballet dancers who had just held the center of the stage at the rear. Moreover, the assembled gentry showed not the slightest surprise at either of these imposing theatrical moments. You would have thought that Raimondo's announcement that Lucia had just killed her newly married husband was an absent-minded observation about the weather.

I WENT back to the Opera House on Wednesday night for the express purpose of hearing Franco Corelli sing "Celeste Aida," in the interpretation of which observers of mine had assured me he had recently improved. He had indeed. This season appears to be a historic one in the long battle between Corelli the possessor of the world's most gorgeous tenor voice and Corelli the artistic tamer of that voice. He did not bellow his top notes, and he finished off with a fine pianissimo. Bravo Corelli! It has been a great week for tenors.

I GOT to Philharmonic Hall, just across the plaza, after the last notes of Mr. Corelli's aria, in time to hear the recital of the remarkable Spanish pianist Alicia de Larrocha. I had heard her with the Chicago Symphony almost a month ago and had been much impressed. I was curious to see how she would do all by herself, and I was in no way disappointed. Miss de Larrocha, a small, black-haired woman, was almost lost in the enormous cigar-box interior of Philharmonic Hall. But when she sat down at the piano and began the first number of Albéniz' "Iberia" Suite, it was obvious that no ordinary pianist was at work. The program consisted of the entire suite—something that is rarely done hereabouts and that calls for extraordinary artistry in its performer, who must sense and project a vast variety of moods. The music would, I suppose, be described by many people as "impressionistic," but that word does not convey its vigor or its variety. For all its sophistication, it is music deriving from the Spanish soil, and it is music so eloquently designed for the piano that it exploits every beautiful sound the instrument is capable of. Miss de Larrocha, being a Spaniard, brought a special accent to this music, and, being a great pianist, she performed it with infallible virtuosity and a profound understanding that gave it new meanings to her listeners. Great sensitivity was combined with hard Spanish intensity. Sometimes notes were thrown off almost contemptuously, for the sake of proud effect, and the inner poetic significance of each phrase was miraculously made evident. Altogether, her recital was a memorable experience. Just before the final section of the Suite, Miss de Larrocha stood for a moment in front of the piano and delivered a small speech in broken English, embellished with quick gestures. To those who could hear and understand her, it was apparent that one of the keys of the piano had got stuck. This fact did not seem to make the slightest difference in her playing. She continued brilliantly, and at the end of the program she was deluged with applause.

LAST Tuesday night, I went to Town Hall to hear the Clarion Concert given by Newell Jenkins and his chamber orchestra. The program was divided between Baroque and contemporary music. As for the Baroque, I was fascinated by a Harpsichord Concerto No. 5, the work of the Venetian Baldassare Galuppi, which seemed to get beyond the predictable formulas of its period. The other Baroque works I found a little dull. The contemporary works were pretty dull, too. Henry Cowell's Ensemble for String Orchestra, which was among them, dates from when Mr. Cowell was pounding the piano with his fists, and consists almost entirely of close dissonances. Peter Racine Fricker's Litany for Double String Orchestra is a trifle more gentle—a sort of post-Vaughan Williams fantasy—but it is not the kind of music that you remember.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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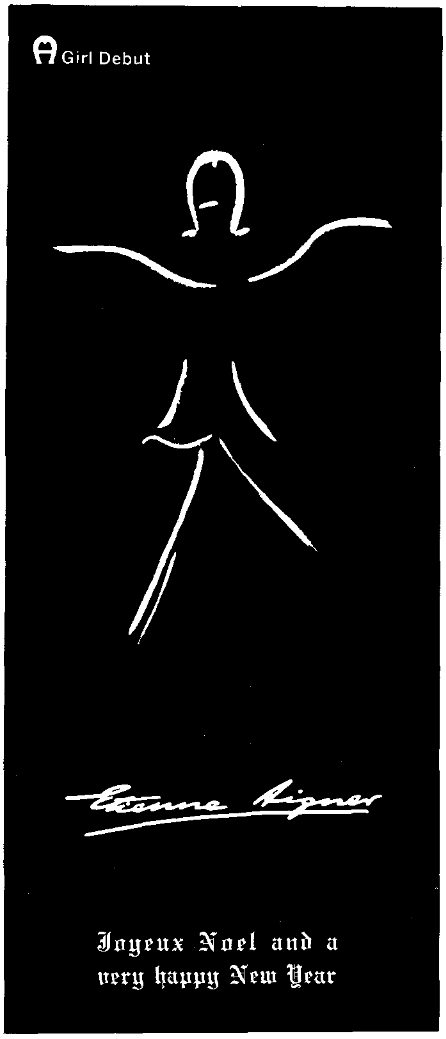

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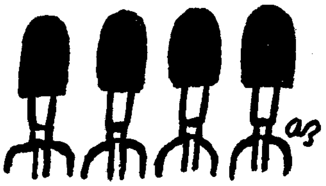
LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 14



THIS time, it seems, a perhaps surprising number of people had felt real hope that a Rhodesian settlement—on terms that Labour's left-wing Members of Parliament trusted they and black-African opinion would not regard as a sellout—was going to be brought back by Mr. Wilson from the elaborate privacy of his talks with Mr. Smith on H.M.S. Tiger. The disappointment when the barren "No" from Salisbury finally ended the suspense was therefore acute. It may explain the hubbub of party violence, rather than national indignation, that quickly exploded in the Commons, ending the long, unsuccessful pretense of keeping up appearances of all-party unity on a subject that arouses strong feelings on both sides.

Last week's noisy two-day debate seemed more emotional and embittered, and less calculated to impress ordinary citizens with the dignity of Westminster, than any occasion since the Suez crisis split Parliament and the country into angrily arguing halves. While the public visitors, with several black and brown faces among them, sat listening to the row, as decorous as good children gazing demurely down at a scene of surprising adult passions, volleys of insults and accusations, with cries of "Traitor!" and "Shame!," and even one or two crumpled-up orders-of-the-day papers, chucked in rage like schoolboys' paper pellets, sailed through the air between the benches. The Members of the House of Lords, who had come in to hear the opening speeches, sitting squashed as layers of noble sardines in their gallery, leaned forward, grimly eying the commoners' tumult below. Afterward, in an also heated debate in their own House, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Ramsey, spoke out doughtily in support of the Government and mandatory sanctions, which, he declared, were the only course to take, in spite of the dangers, and an irascible temporal lord referred to the Prime Minister as "a pinchbeck Hitler" and refused to withdraw the expression.

In the voting, the lords used their Conservative majority to defeat the Government by sixteen votes on the sanctions issue. The Government, naturally, won in the Commons, though the Opposition figures would have been lower if a handful of Conservatives had abstained, in honest doubt, as it was thought they were going to do. Even those who may have felt that the Prime Minister's policy was the right one appear to have been stung into voting against it after all by the extraordinary ferocity of Mr. Wilson's attack on the Tory Party as showing itself in public to be Smith's men, and thus damaging Britain. Obviously intolerably incensed by the Opposition front-bench decision to oppose outright this time, without beating any more about the prickly Rhodesian thornbush, and with the world watching, he made what seemed to many correspondents to be a sudden, startling reappearance as the devastating Parliamentary performer who had mostly been effaced, since he became Prime Minister, by a blander and more carefully presented public image—once again the Wilson whose dry, harsh rattle of cutting words could set the House in a roar of wounded anger and, coming from behind him, delight. The familiar mingled sound punctuated his long, unflagging tirade on Thursday. Then the Conservatives roared their approval of the unexpected virulence of Mr. Heath's reply, in which, showing a sharp new talent for attack to match his noticeably sharper and thinner physical presence this session, he castigated the Prime Minister for "hypocrisy and cant of the basest kind."

It was an overcharged head-on collision between the parties, doubtless bringing cheer to onlookers in Salisbury but precious little to discerning spectators here, who think that all the recriminations will hardly help the next effort to sort something out of the wreckage. Both the parties may have reason to regret the uncompromising bitterness of last week's confrontation. To many sensible ordinary citizens, much of it probably seemed like political mumbo-jumbo anyway. Conservatives were greatly incensed by Mr. Wilson's seeming to imply that anybody voting against the Government was a rebel against the Queen and the legal Governor of Rhodesia, and possibly a candidate for the Tower to boot. The Conservative leaders went out of their way to stress that they abhor Ian Smith's regime and all its police-state accompaniments of detention without trial, press censorship, and the rest as passionately as Mr. Wilson does. Yet their policy on Rhodesia has hardly been unequivocal during the past year. By their less inhibited backbenchers' speeches urging the Government to come to terms with Salisbury almost at any price—presumably to include coming to terms with its extremists' never-never ideas on the key problem of African advancement—they have run the risk, certainly, of appearing not unsympathetic to Mr. Smith. This could be an awkward political liability for Mr. Heath with the young and liberal-minded sections of his followers. What he and his party voted against was Mr. Wilson's "hypocrisy" in asking for sanctions that he knows cannot succeed without the last resort—which he will take every step to avoid—of spreading them to South Africa, with grave effects on the convalescent home economy, and even on peace itself.

In spite of all the fury aroused by the debate, however, many of the more level-headed commentators doubt whether Mr. Heath could have acted very differently if he had been in Mr. Wilson's shoes on the Tiger. The Prime Minister told the House that the short-shrift ultimatum to Mr. Smith and the prompt application to the United Nations were the solemn promises given by him to the other Commonwealth premiers when they aired their impatient views on Rhodesia in London last summer. Without these guarantees, the Commonwealth would have broken up then and there in a jumble of black and white fragments—a dissolution over which no Conservative Prime Minister, either (though Mr. Heath dodged the issue), could possibly have chosen to preside. More and more British, it may be guessed, no longer think of the Commonwealth as an unshakable mystique or believe that it will survive forever. Possibly this is because of increasing evidence that the stream of public opinion is moving toward Europe. But to have seen the Commonwealth come apart on this bitter racial and moral issue would have been unthinkable to all parties, as the Commons shouting match probably failed to make quite clear to Mr. Smith and his friends. There has not yet been time for the national feelings about it to clarify, either. As for the press, it was interesting that one or two papers usually not favorably disposed toward Mr. Wilson have said firmly (and bravely, considering their Tory circulation) that he and his policy are right.

THE exhibition sponsored by the Sunday *Observer* of the finds of the two-year archeological dig at

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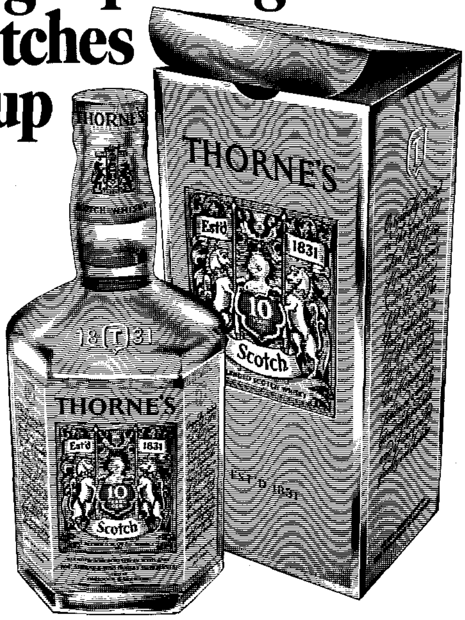

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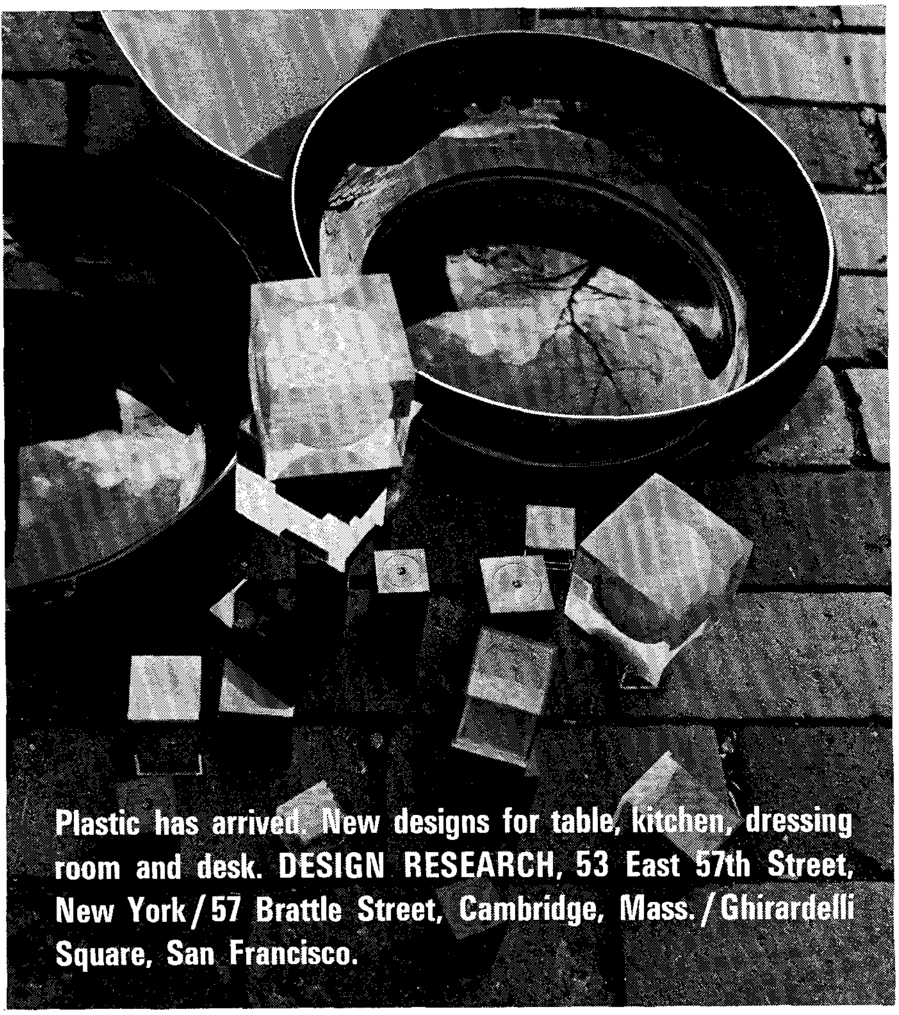
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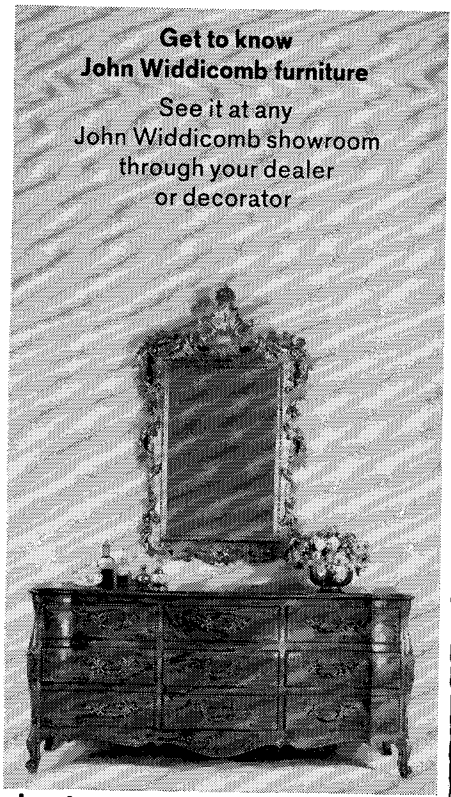

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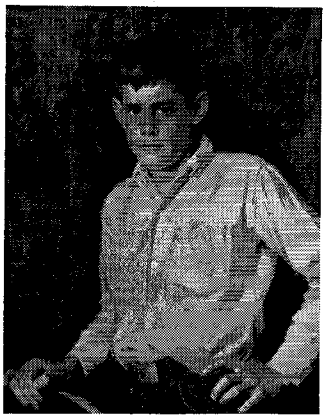

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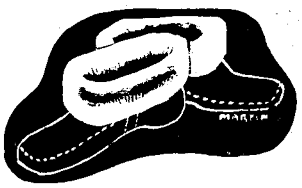
Masada—a vast, diamond-shaped slab of rock overlooking the Dead Sea—has been drawing huge crowds to the Festival Hall, standing in queues all afternoon in the chilly breezes off the Thames. This extraordinary re-creation of the ancient past, skillfully arranged by the Polish-born designer George Him, may be going to New York, and if it does you should not miss it. As you may know, Herod the Great built his palace on the flat top of the escarpment of Masada and fortified its natural battlements still further against possible attack from Egypt's Cleopatra. Later, it was the scene of the Jews' last epic stand against the Roman legionaries of Flavius Silva in A.D. 72. The site has long been an object of absorbing speculation to archeologists, and to modern Israel it has become a symbol of national resistance and a hallowed place of pilgrimage. But the dizzy heights of the great rock rearing up out of the wilderness of Judaea (into which Christ withdrew to meditate), the frightful desert temperatures, and the problems of victualling an expedition made Masada impregnable to visitations, except for occasional settlements, through the centuries, of other solitaries—Byzantine monks or Bedouin tribesmen. Then, in 1963, the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, together with the Israeli Department of Antiquities and the Israel Exploration Society, planned a full-scale, almost military storming of the rock, to be led, appropriately, by a scholar-soldier, Professor Yigael Yadin, the former chief of staff of Israel's military forces, who now occupies the chair of archeology at Jerusalem. In Britain, financial support was given by leading Jewish families and by the Wolfson Foundation. The *Observer*, which took over the publicity for the project, appealed in its columns in August, 1963, for volunteers to help in the dig. The result was thrilling and moving. Over five thousand men and women, from twenty-eight countries, offered themselves, electing to travel to Israel at their own expense and to do hard, tedious work in fierce extremes of temperature and the minimum of comfort. When you see what their labors uncovered, you begin to understand, for Masada's spirit is universal.



The central exhibit in the first room is a large-scale model of the rock. As though peering down at it from a helicopter, you gaze into the great honeycomb of Herod's excavated palace—its complex of grand public apartments and neat domestic arrangements, its frescoed banqueting hall, heated baths and swimming pool, storage larders, columbarium, water tanks, and synagogue. As an elegant addition, he had three small summer pavilions built, hanging like eagles' nests on to the cool and sheltered north face. There are dozens of fine photographs of every corner of Masada, with color slides of details of carved capitals and of the splendid mosaic floors, patterned with vine, fig, and pomegranate motifs in glorious soft, pinky mauves and periwinkle blues, that were laid down before Christ was born. But the crowds mill thickest around the actual objects found beneath the ashes of Masada's final chapter—the great conflagration when the Jewish Zealots, the last resistance movement against Rome, fired the place and then committed mass suicide rather than be taken prisoner. These speak a language that the scholarly-looking visitors and the suburban matrons, the many churchmen, the Carnaby Street young men, the girls in their miniskirts, and the multitudes of chattering schoolchildren seem to understand as they press around the glass cases containing the scraps of cloth from Zealots' garments (a rather smart gray-and-white tweedy check among them), the heaps of date and olive stones and petrified but perfectly recognizable corn and nuts (with the numbered shards of pottery that are believed to have been ration coupons used during the siege), the coins and the household pots and stoves, and the pathetic little frippery of makeup pots and combs and eyelash brushes, which the miniskirts stare at with fascination. The most poignant exhibit is a tangled mass of a girl's rough dark hair, with one still beautifully twisted detached plait lying in the sand beside it, along with a tiny sandal—hers or her child's, perhaps. The most important finds to scholars are the fragments of holy writing—fourteen scrolls in all, including one exactly similar to the Dead Sea scrolls. The translation appended to one of the fragments seemed like a summing up of the entire marvellous exhibition: "Then he said to me, 'Son of Man, these bones are the whole House of Israel.' "

THE Arts Council has chosen L. S. Lowry as the artist to honor in one of its exhaustive retrospective shows, which is at the Tate until January 15th. Now seventy-nine, Lowry is loved by people who do not often go

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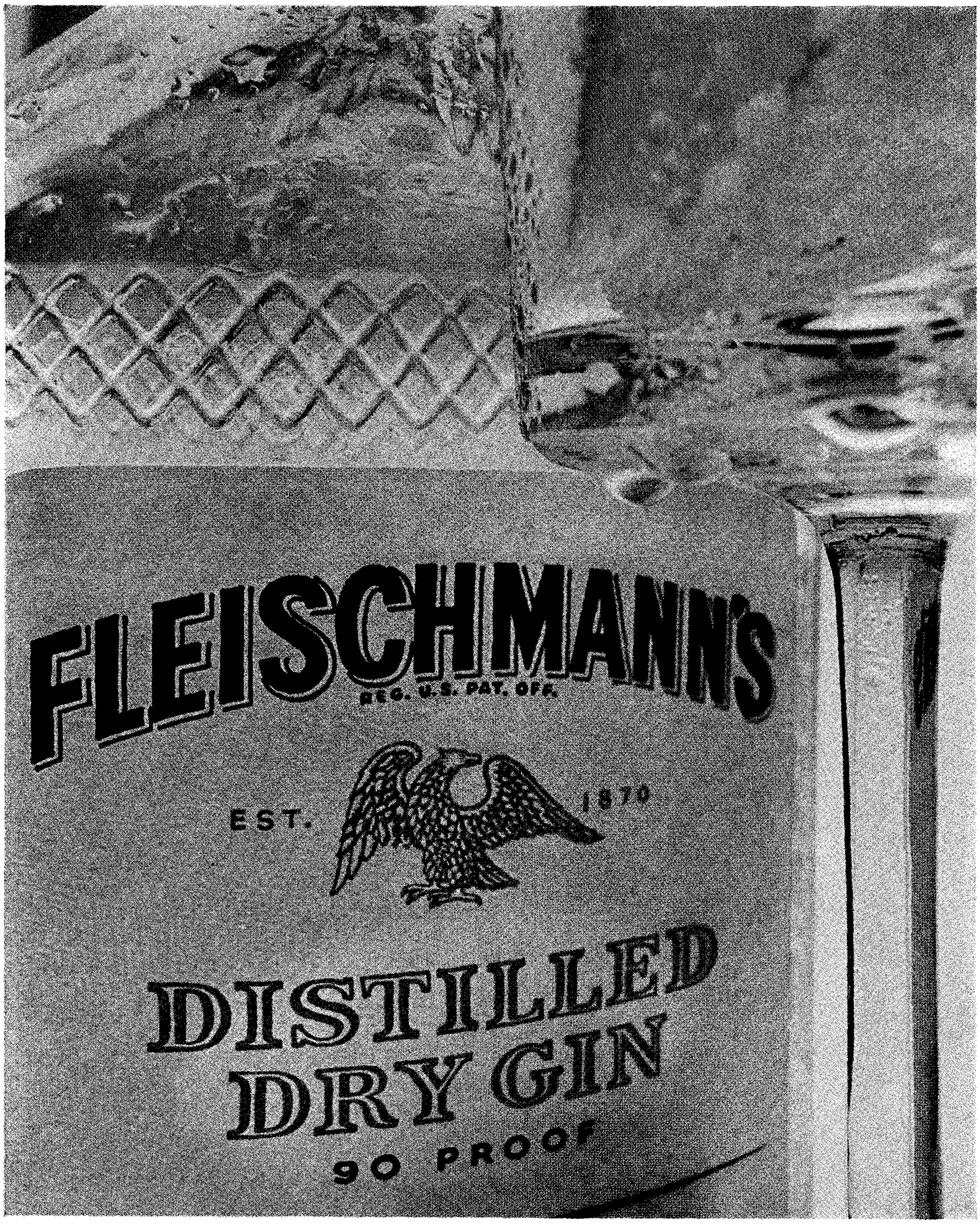
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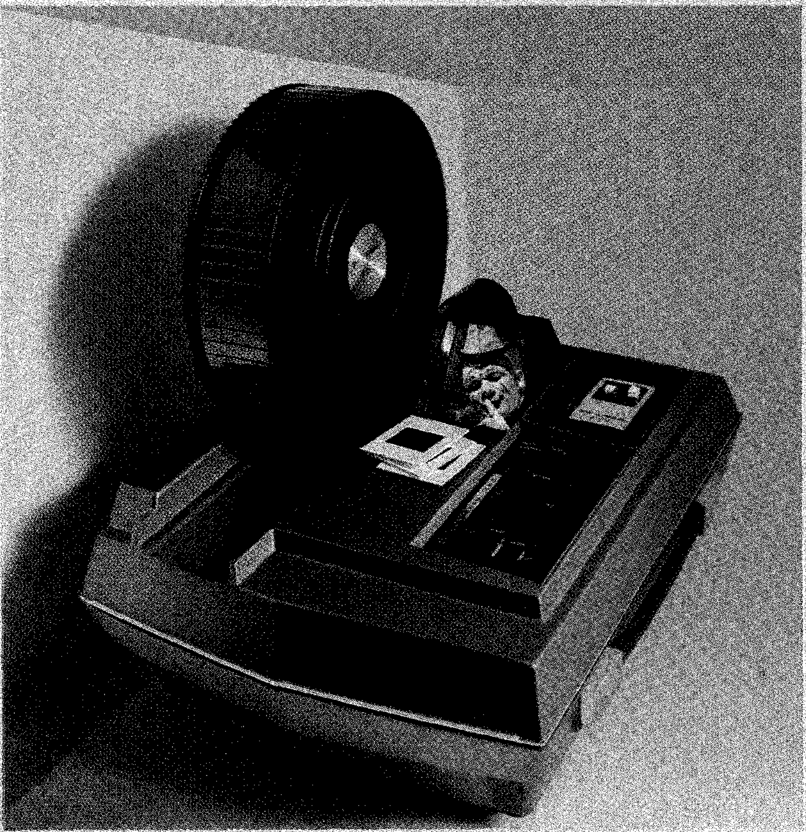

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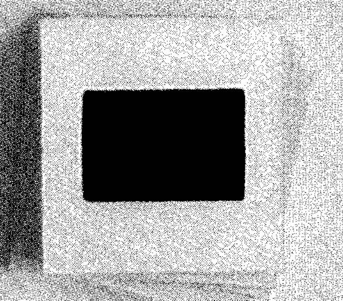

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to art shows as well as by those who do, since all his life he has been perfecting a sort of personal vision of industrial England, which is instantly and gratifyingly recognizable yards off as his signature. Doggedly ignoring the great movements and influences of the half century of art during which he has worked out his style, he has painted the same scenes and the same people over and over again, but without monotony. The Tate show is like a long strip of film of the poor Lancashire streets, the sinister mills, the gaunt Victorian churches, the pubs and joyless parks around Manchester, against which he painted his imaginary swarming tadpole crowds of preoccupied black-bodied men and women, thin children pushing prams containing thin infants, and comic black dogs that look like Lascaux wall-painting animals. Lowry's people are always walking, endlessly walking, like Indian villagers, from one unrevealed place in their lives to another. In one of his latest canvases, painted last year, they have become even more mysterious and more stylized—mere lines of black calligraphy, straggling, as though escaping from something, along narrow tongues of dark land toward the sea. The exhibition includes his less well-known paintings of the ocean and of desolate landscapes without figures.

Lowry's life seems to have been exceptionally solitary, too. Never marrying, he lived with his parents at Salford until their death, and since then has lived alone. "If I had not been lonely," he explained once, "I should not have seen what I did." In gratitude for that long, unique scrutiny, the Halle Orchestra gave him a concert in Manchester for his seventy-seventh birthday, and last year he received the freedom of his proud home city of Salford, from which his oddly poetical imagination has truly never strayed.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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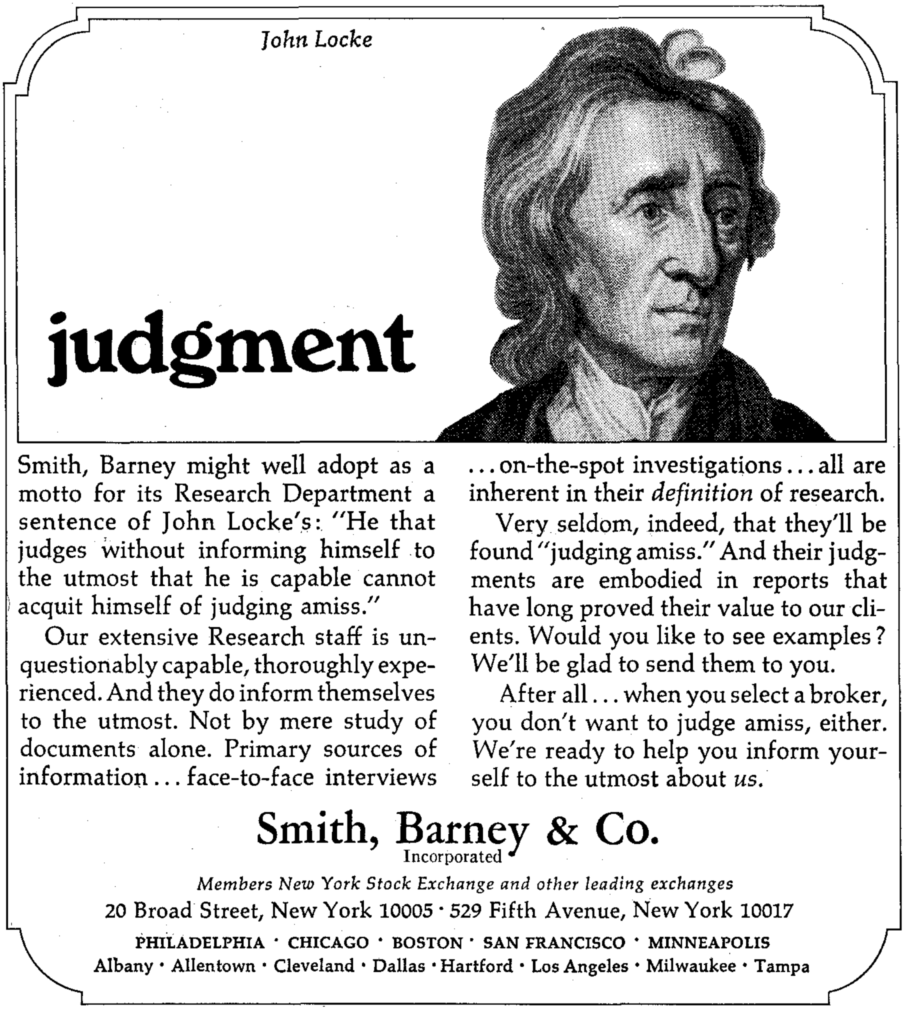
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a form letter issued by several federal agencies to scientists going abroad*]

The purpose of this briefing is to alert you to the interest of the intelligence services of the Soviet Union and its satellites in all methods of gathering information necessary to the furtherance of their nation's interest. . . . Their methods, which include technical surveillance (use of electronic devices, wire taps, and infrared devices), clandestine photography, and mail censorship, are contemptible to those of us who are accustomed to life in a free society because these methods make free use of any immoral or indiscreet behavior on the part of any individual.


John Locke

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pursuing and Pursued

"GALIA" is an exceptionally engaging movie, shot on location in Paris and Venice and starring a pretty and lithe young actress named Mireille Darc, who, though probably no relative of Jeanne's, has much of the Maid's known fire. There are movies so ingratiating to the eye that one can watch them almost as if they were nonrepresentational objects, made to delight and not mean, and "Galia" is of this order; that it tells a story as well is a sort of bonus, unlooked-for and, it turns out, bothersome. For the movie commits the conventional error of attempting to provide too much of everything; the plot trips itself up in coils of unnecessary contrivance, and the climactic scene, which embraces a sudden, brutal murder, seems out of character with the rest of the picture. No matter—Miss Darc as Galia, Venantino Venantini as her corrupt lover, and Françoise Prévost as the lover's woebegone wife are so fine, and Paris by night and Venice by day are so seductive in Maurice Fellous's velvety black-and-white photography, that one forgives the movie its occasional melodramatic excesses. The director, Georges Lautner—who, with Vahe Katcha, wrote the screenplay, based on an original story by Mr. Katcha—is superbly in command of his craft, and I can think of few movies in which the individual scenes are introduced and dispatched with greater verve and finesse. We are hurled with a lucid, exuberant celerity from one crucial episode to the next; each is of a sufficient duration to make its point, and we are astonished afterward to realize that it has lasted a scant ten or fifteen seconds. (For example, in a comic scene at a smart swimming club in Paris, Mr. Lautner is able to create a pouting, cheeky flirt, whose nature he wittily sums up in her demi-nudity and wobbly, high-heeled strut, and whom he then dismisses forever; this tour de force of pictorial shorthand takes perhaps a minute.)

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SHOW
CHRISTMA

Galia is a contemporary version of a perennial type—a Mlle. Bovary, who comes up to Paris from the lonely *parochialism* of Étretat and, having secured an excellent job decorating shopwindows, sets herself up in a penthouse apartment on the Left Bank, complete with a terrace and view and an ample supply of harmless, amusing lovers. But she is a romantic; she longs for something *real* to happen to her, and so, of course, it does. One evening, she rescues a drowning woman from the Seine and takes her home. The would-be suicide has left a note for her husband and is eager to learn how he will respond to her supposed death. Hiding out in Galia's apartment, she encourages Galia to strike up an acquaintance with her husband; soon, with the wife's rueful connivance, Galia and the husband are flying off to Venice together. (The husband is a calculating womanizer, for whom distance is a measure of infatuation. When he likes a girl a little, he takes her to Deauville; when he likes her a lot, he takes her to Venice.) It is a triangle that contains unexpected mysteries and that ends in death and misery, though I suspect that Galia will not turn out to be anything so commonplace as a sadder and a wiser girl. As she is played by Miss Darc, I would like her to remain wholly unchanged. Girls who are warm and bright and foolish and full of promise and who walk like gazelles are always in short supply, even in Paris.

"FUNERAL IN BERLIN" is a successful sequel to "The Ipcress File." Michael Caine is again Harry Palmer, the bespectacled Cockney spy who, for disreputable reasons, practices a trade he despises. This time, he is being sent to East Berlin to oversee the defection of a prominent Russian military figure, played with folksy good humor by Oscar Homolka. The screenplay, written by Evan Jones from a novel by Len Deighton, is too complicated for me to relate in this space; to tell the truth, it proved too complicated for me to understand, much less relate, because as the corpses started piling up I made the mistake of counting them on my fingers and so quickly lost track of *why* they were piling up. An assortment of double crosses and triple crosses are deftly executed by a large, bloodthirsty, and often blood-covered cast, directed by Guy Hamilton with a suitable respect for hushed midnight encounters and blunt instruments going *chunk* on the back of the head. The movie offers some excellent location shots of East and West Berlin and some funny, well-written dialogue, and Her Majesty's Government will be relieved to learn that Palmer, unlike Bond, spends at least as much of his time and energy on work as he does on girls. Indeed, there is but one girl of importance in the picture—an Israeli spy named Samantha Steel, played with evident bewilderment by Eva Renzi. When she has to choose between Palmer and her country, she crisply orders Palmer shot dead, but he isn't really shot, because he isn't really Palmer, Palmer's trenchcoat having been borrowed, under cover of darkness, in a spooky ruined building by the villainous . . . But no—go to the movie and try to figure it out for yourself.

"NIGHT GAMES" is a Swedish picture, written and directed by Mai Zetterling and starring Ingrid Thulin, Keve Hjelm, and Lena Brundin. I have long deplored the paucity of women directors, but Miss Zetterling is giving me second thoughts. Her latest effort is the movie that Shirley Temple didn't want shown at the San Francisco Film Festival, and I can see why Shirley was upset. Here we are in a great eighteenth-century manor house set in the depths of the snowy Swedish countryside. A weary-looking man in the middle years is showing his slender blond fiancée about the place. By dint of flashbacks, we are given the scene of his birth (a ghastly, drunken affair, which Miss Zetterling has caused to include an actual birth, and which thus becomes a tribute to our hero's remarkable powers of recollection) and several scenes of his troubled adolescence, in which his sexual explorations are at once rebuked and encouraged by his insatiable, perverse mother. We discover at last that the poor fellow is impotent and that he intends to cure this affliction by burning down the old family place. As an amateur of architecture, if not of psychiatry, I felt nothing but indignation at such a solution to such a problem. —BRENDAN GILL

•

GUATEMALA—(AP)—A state of siege was in effect in Guatemala Friday as the government attempted to end an outbreak of terror by left-wing rightist extremists. —*Denver Post.*

The full-circle crowd. They're bad.

•

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The club admits *elves*?

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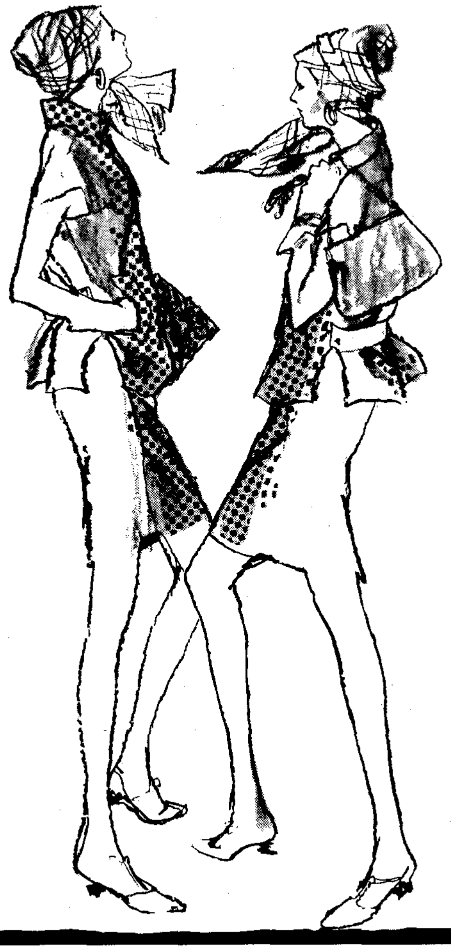

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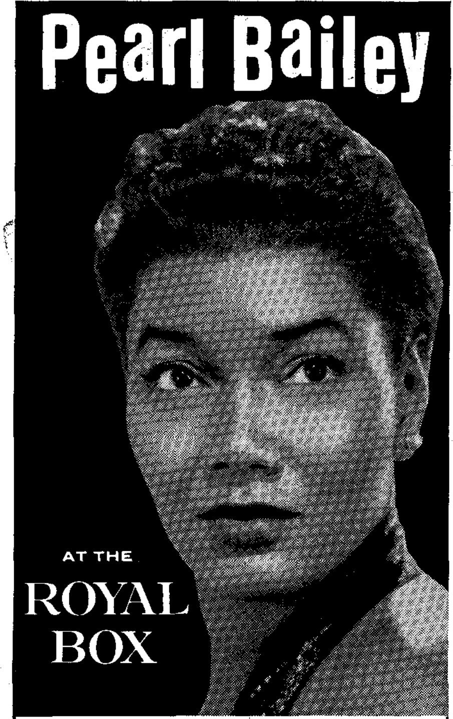

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THE ART GALLERIES

Centennials, Centennials . . .

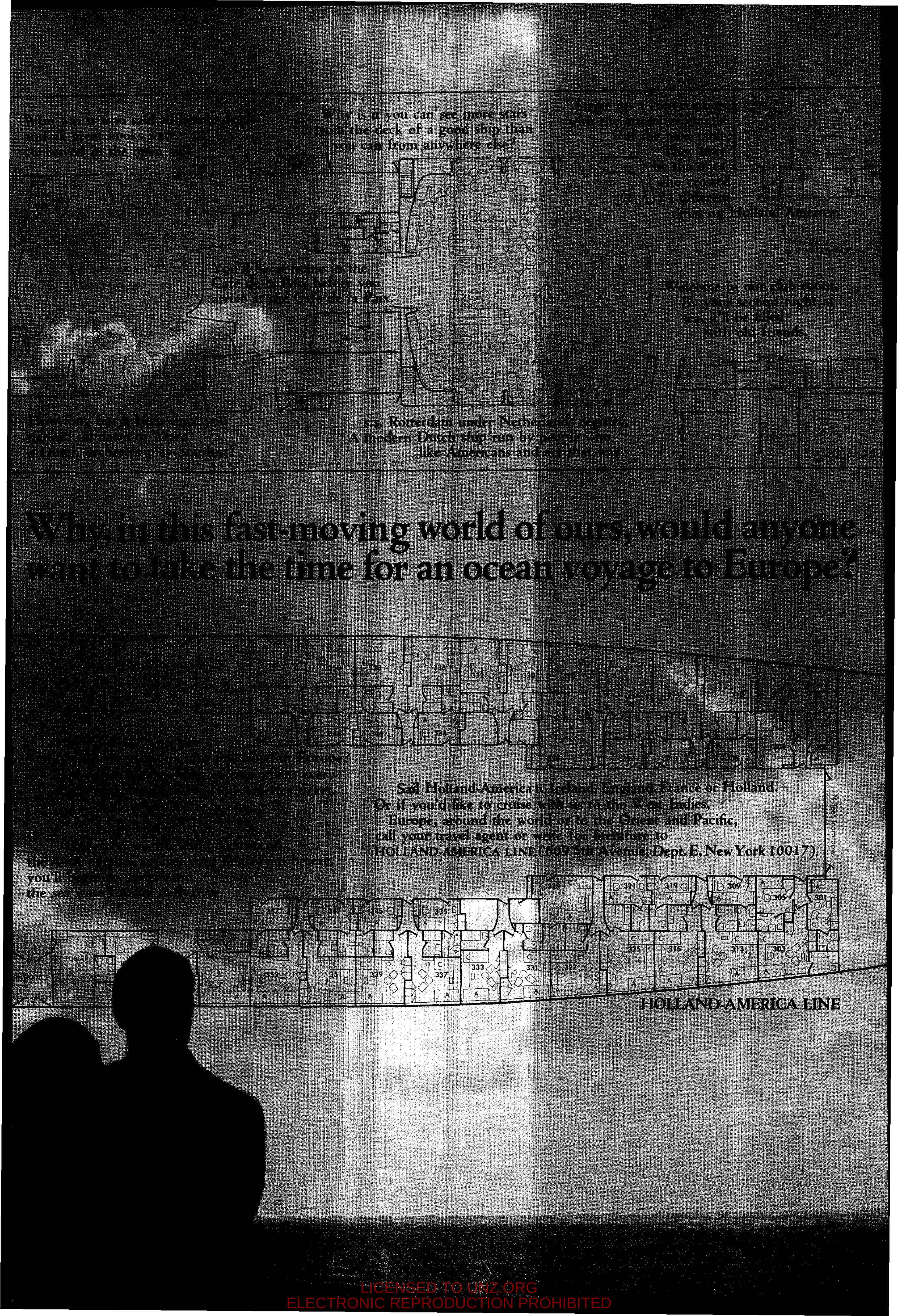
THE most important in this not overly impressive list of current openings is the large "200 Years of Watercolor Painting in America," put on at the Metropolitan Museum to celebrate the centennial of the founding of the American Watercolor Society. But by all odds the most interesting is a considerably smaller collection at the Hutton Galleries, a first showing anywhere, of "Hinterglasmalerei," or "Painting on Glass," by a little-known turn-of-the-century German artist named Gabriele Münter. In fact, the story behind the Münter affair has an involved, secretive quality that is curiously Gothic in atmosphere. It calls attention, obliquely, to the need for a study (preferably by an ardent feminist) of the vicissitudes confronting a woman of talent when she marries a man of equal or greater talent. It would seem she invariably loses out. But to explain all this a certain amount of background material must be gone into. Münter, then, was a painter, and in 1911 one of the founding members of the Blaue Reiter Post-Expressionist group in Munich. So, too, was the emergent abstractionist master Kandinsky, with whom she had been living (he called her his wife) for some years and with whom she was to live until 1917, when he abruptly deserted her to marry a Russian girl, the daughter (here the Gothic touch begins) of a Czarist general. Through the fifteen years or so of Münter's close association with Kandinsky, she unquestionably gained much more than she could have imparted in artistic education. It was she, however, who interested him in *Hinterglasmalerei*, and since it could well be argued that his essays in it, though far more cursory than hers, clearly affected a great part of his later abstract pieces (especially in their sharp angularities and vivid color), it would appear that she deserves credit for an influence on him that has long been denied her. It's worth citing, in this connection, the small but well-selected collection of Kandinskys on view now at the Guggenheim Museum. Put on as an unobtrusive celebration of the centennial of *his* birth, it contains a number of his own essays in painting on glass, along with other items in fields that were more familiar to him, notably oils.

ART
gallery

To an extent, the almost total neglect that has been accorded Münter's work was her own fault. Kandinsky's break with her put an end not only to her painting career but to her other activities as well. She lived on, to be sure, and to a great age. (She died in 1962, at age eighty-five.) But she lived in practically complete retirement, painting little and exhibiting not at all, and the accession to power of the Nazis curtailed her activities still further. From then on, she couldn't paint at all, except secretly (her work, as well as Kandinsky's, was of course classed as "degenerate" and had to be kept hidden), and it was not till the late nineteen-fifties, when she emerged from her retirement long enough to donate the pieces of his which were in her possession, that her considerable holdings were revealed. And it was not till after her death that her own works, which had remained hidden behind false walls in the cellar of her home in Murnau, came to light—it would seem almost accidentally.

Well, the paintings and other pieces currently on view at the Hutton are, frankly, not worth all the hullabaloo I've been making about them. *Hinterglasmalerei* is the name of a technique developed by Bavarian peasants for painting their religious icons, and (though here the background is vague indeed) was apparently derived through the Russians from techniques long practiced in the Orient. It is painting done on glass, and the only puzzle is in the "*hinter*" part of the word, which means that the actual painting is done on the back side of the panel. This distinction, seemingly simple, enforces quite rigid inversions of many of the usual processes of paint application: outlines must be carefully drawn in and then filled in with color, light tonalities must be applied before darks, instead of vice versa, and so on, to get the best effect. The artists using the method, though, found justification for these difficulties in the fact that light passes through the glass before it is reflected back to the eye of the viewer, and so gives a mirrorlike reverberation that enhances enormously the brilliance of the colors.

These rather labored inversions may account for a certain stiffness in Münter's pieces in the method, and anyway, as I've suggested, the value of the work as art is marginal. She had a fine eye for color, though, which suited her to



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Who was it who said all [illegible] and all great books were conceived in the open air?

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the medium, as well as an ability to simplify forms, particularly in landscape, almost to the point of abstraction, and a number of pieces, such as "Murnau, View from Staffelsee," "Village by the Sea," and the blue-and-gray "Haystacks," are entirely charming. The show contains works of hers in other media: collages, woodcuts, etchings, and such. I liked especially a series of woodcuts in color—"The Rosegarden," the neatly patterned "Autumn in Sèvres," and a striking "Portrait of Kandinsky." At any rate, it's nice to encounter a touch of old-fashioned drama and sentiment in the world of art now and then.

I MUST say I got bogged down in the lengthy commemorative watercolor showing at the Met, and my state of mind was only worsened when, after working my way through this main event—a matter of two hundred and fifty examples, from about 1757 to the present—I found myself debouching into another collection, not so large but still fairly sizable (seventy-eight items in all), of contemporary works by members of the American Watercolor Society. The A.W.S. organized the major showing, too, so it is only fair that after all that effort the Society should be permitted something in the way of reward. It does add up to a lot of watercolors, though, and I can't help thinking that this may account for the harsh view many people took of the Society's part of the whole production. To my own eye, also weary, it seemed no poorer in quality than a similar section in an average National Academy Annual, and the real complaint might be aimed at the Museum itself, for lowering its standards to such a level of amiable mediocrity.

Speaking generally (the show is too big and sprawling to be handled in detail), my overriding impression was of wonder and gratification at the wealth, the continuing wealth, of our production in the medium. It is true that a great many of the artists represented were expert in oils, too. Until recently, it was taken for granted that a well-rounded artist had to be proficient in all media, and a large number of the entrants, from Thomas Moran and John Singer Sargent to Stuart Davis, Peter Blume, and Reginald Marsh, are far better known for their works on canvas. But along with these there are those who were working steadily in the one medium, and the wonder is the greater for the fact that the watercolor technique is peculiarly demanding. It calls for a kind of forethought, precision—one might almost say sophistication—that is not needed in oils. You can't scrape out or scumble in watercolor. What you've put down has to stay there, and the wonder grows greater yet at the thought that these qualities are generally taken to be foreign to our supposedly slam-bang development.

This comes through even if the show sprawls. There is too much of everything, but though there are dreary stretches, the affair has an inclusiveness that is admirable. The selections do lean more than a little to the conservative side. This becomes apparent as we approach the moderns. There are fifteen Sargents, seventeen Homers, and four Louis Comfort Tiffanys (a now forgotten but once prominent early member of the A.W.S.), as against one work apiece by William Baziotes, Robert Motherwell, and Mark Tobey. On the other hand, who can complain at a collection of seventeen fine Homers, and if skimpiness appears here and there, well-deserved treatment is accorded to Hopper, Marin, and Dove, among others. Heavygoing as it is in some respects, it is on the whole a worthy performance.

—ROBERT M. COATES

• •

CORNFIELDS

Corn waves in the wind:
A sigh, early and late.
The eye of the barley is blind
When the stalk is stiff and straight.

Ears, ripening, rise,
Then gold, heavily fall;
The breath of nativity sighs;
The star is laid in the stall.

Learn, learn of the corn
Of things coming to pass,
Of wings, and a foal unborn
To the mare asleep in the grass.

Crest follows on crest;
A sigh moving in air,
A rustling of wings in the nest
Ascends from the dreaming mare.

Birth's tremor within
The fruit earth has concealed,
Does it summon life to begin
And the sun to reap the field,

Joy weighing at dusk
The scales, heavy and light,
The balance of ear and husk,
Daybreak dreaming of night?

—VERNON WATKINS

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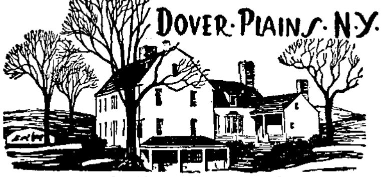

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BOOKS

Brief Affair

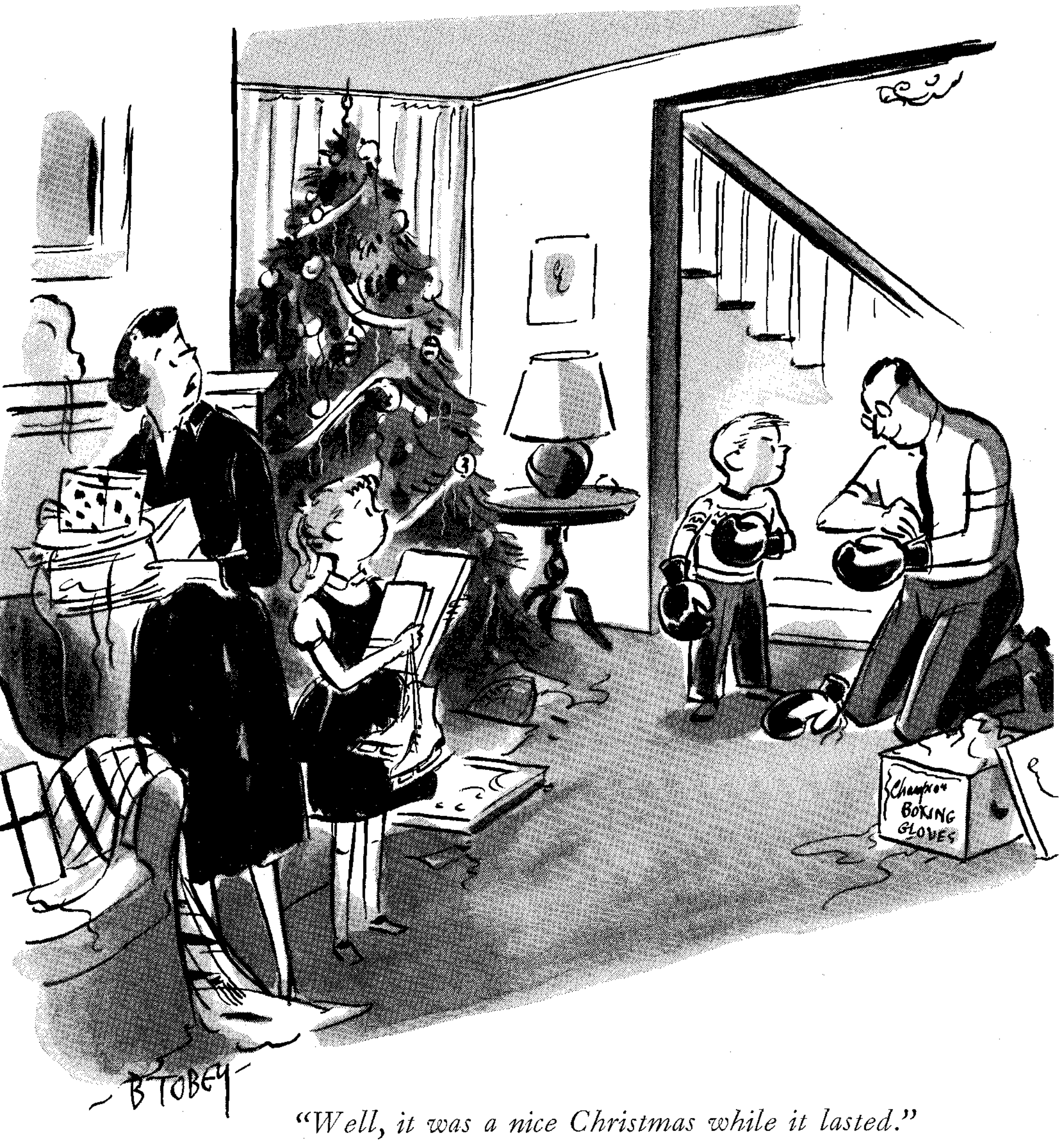
IN "La Chamade" (Dutton), her new novel, Françoise Sagan leans heavily on the city of Paris for background, character, personality, and charm, and on two quotations from Arthur Rimbaud:

> I have made the magical study of Happiness that no man eludes.
>
> I saw that all beings are fated to be happy. Action is not life, but the means of squandering vigor, a nervous irritation.

Rimbaud's words sound very nice, but they are clinging words and, like Miss Sagan's prose, they need something to attach themselves to. What we are left with that is staunch is Paris, which in this work glitters brightly but in small size, like a toy theatre, and upon its perfumed, ready-made stage Miss Sagan presents the inside story of a rather naughty affair that caused a good deal of talk, although it was never important enough to be called a scandal. This is the story of two youngish people, Lucile and Antoine, both of them "desired, pampered, loved by serious adults," who enjoy together a brief game of sex that depends for its inception on the knowledge they both have that they can have their cake and eat it, too. Nothing is risked here, except perhaps by Miss Sagan in her peculiar choice of a title. (Chamade—Larousse: *Signal annonçant autref. la capitulation des assiégés. Fig. Battre la chamade, être affolé;* Webster: A signal made for a parley by beat of drum or sound of trumpet; Dutton: The particular roll of drums by which the inhabitants of a besieged city acknowledged their defeat. Sometimes used to signify the wild beating of the human heart.)

Lucile, aged thirty, is the mistress of a wealthy bachelor named Charles. "Charles was a man of fifty with good, softish features and an unhappy look when he slept. . . . They had been living together for two years, if the fact of occupying the same flat, seeing the same people, and sometimes sharing the same bed could be called living together." Charles makes as good a nurse for Lucile as he would have made for Juliet if his luck had been better. He dotes on Lucile, a moody but ingratiating schoolgirl type, and in return she is unfaithful to him only with men he does not know and who do not know him. Then, one spring night, at a fashionable dinner party given by one of Charles' best friends, Lucile meets Antoine and falls in love with him. Antoine, also thirty, is bonily handsome, with golden eyes and blond hair. He is poor, a minor editor in a publishing firm, and outside the office he devotes himself petulantly to a wealthy social beauty named Diane, who is forty on page 22 and, at the same dinner party, forty-five on page 24. Antoine escorts Diane everywhere and spends most of his nights at her sumptuous flat, where he makes love to her "with that perfect regularity resulting from a mixture of sensuality and indifference." Toward Lucile, Antoine feels sensual but not indifferent. Soon after their first encounter, they arrange a rendezvous at the "semi-student, semi-junior executive room where he lived," and "what happened between them is what happens when a man and a woman are consumed by a flame." So much for the story.

A new novel by Françoise Sagan is an event because of the excitement that is generated when talent and good fortune work together in one person toward success. Miss Sagan is a natural writer who has grown content to chatter, but she remains significant because she made her first appearance marked as an Original who is also a Star, and because among her many imitators there has not been one who has come anywhere



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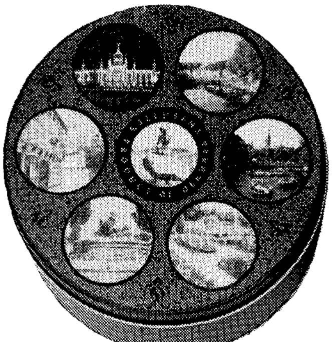

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near echoing the seductive individuality of "Bonjour Tristesse." The translation of "La Chamade" was done in slovenly fashion by Robert Westhoff.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE, VOLUMES II AND III, edited by Richard Ellmann (Viking). More than thirteen hundred new letters, edited with the most meticulous and informative scholarship, to supplement the volume of letters edited by Stuart Gilbert in 1957. Joyce did not take the epistolary form seriously, as Professor Ellmann's preface admits somewhat ruefully, and these are not masterworks to rival the letters of Keats or Hopkins, but Joyce was sometimes wonderfully funny (mostly in letters to his brother Stanislaus), sometimes wonderfully grovepressy (as in a series of spicy letters to his wife), and at all times the incomparable James Joyce. Illustrated with many new photographs. Twenty-five dollars the pair; boxed with Volume I corrected, thirty-five dollars.

A LATE BEGINNER, by Priscilla Napier (Walker). Mrs. Napier's childhood memoirs. The author, who left Egypt permanently at the age of twelve in 1921 (her father was on the staff of the British protectorate), recalls her early years there and in England, with peculiar alternations between Cairo, Hampshire, Alexandria, and Sidmouth, and between English cousins and Cairene schoolmates. Her book is vivid, sensitive, touching, and very funny.

PALM BEACH, by John Ney (Little, Brown). A thoughtful, entertaining book. The author, who lives there, believes that nobody since Henry James, in "The American Scene," has adequately described, appraised, or come close to conveying the quality of Palm Beach—a place of nearly incredible tidy beauty which is the summit for some well-off Americans and the end of the line for others, a setting for display, competition, escape, aspiration, complacence, and anxiety. In a style that is subtle and chatty, Mr. Ney tells the reader how and why Palm Beach reflects many of the failures and a few of the successes of American civilization. Photographs.

THE DARLING DAISY AFFAIR, by Theo Lang (Atheneum). The enthralling story of a suppressed scan-

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dal—a nasty but enlightening passage of social history. In June, 1914, the extravagant Countess of Warwick could not pay even the interest on her debts, so she attempted to blackmail the English Royal Family by threatening to publish the letters that Edward VII had written her when he was her lover. The seaminess of one side was matched by the efficiency of the other; the Court suppressed the Countess with the aid of a secret injunction granted by a tight-lipped judge. How, then, did Mr. Lang get the material for this book? His primary source was the recently discovered collection of papers and notes belonging to the affair's one victim—Arthur du Cros. In the elaborate schemes that Mr. Lang carefully disentangles, du Cros, a rich Tory M.P., became, through none of his own seeking, the go-between and patsy for both the Countess and the Court, and he, not the family, paid off the lady (sixty-four thousand pounds), for no reason except his love of the monarchy. Du Cros is a strange and pleasing contrast to all the other parties in the narrative; he represents a rare quality—innocence in high places.

DREAM CASTLES, by Mary Cable (Viking). Eleven stately mansions, or what remains of them, observed, explained, and appreciated. They are Blenheim Palace (Marlborough's monument to himself), the Alhambra, Hadrian's Villa, the Grand Palace in Bangkok, Nonsuch Palace (Henry VIII's vanished showplace), the Grand Seraglio (or, more properly, Topkapi Seray) in Istanbul, the Vanderbilt summer hideaways in Newport (Marble House and the Breakers), and the mad King Ludwig's three alpine extravaganzas—Linderhof, Neuschwanstein, and Herrenchiemsee. Mrs. Cable has an easy, enjoyable manner ("It was quite impossible for Hadrian to be too lavish with himself; the notion that a sovereign could be criticized for not watching expenses had not yet occurred to anyone"), and she is equally interested in social history, money matters, and architecture. Photographs (including a sublime view of Neuschwanstein), engravings, and drawings.

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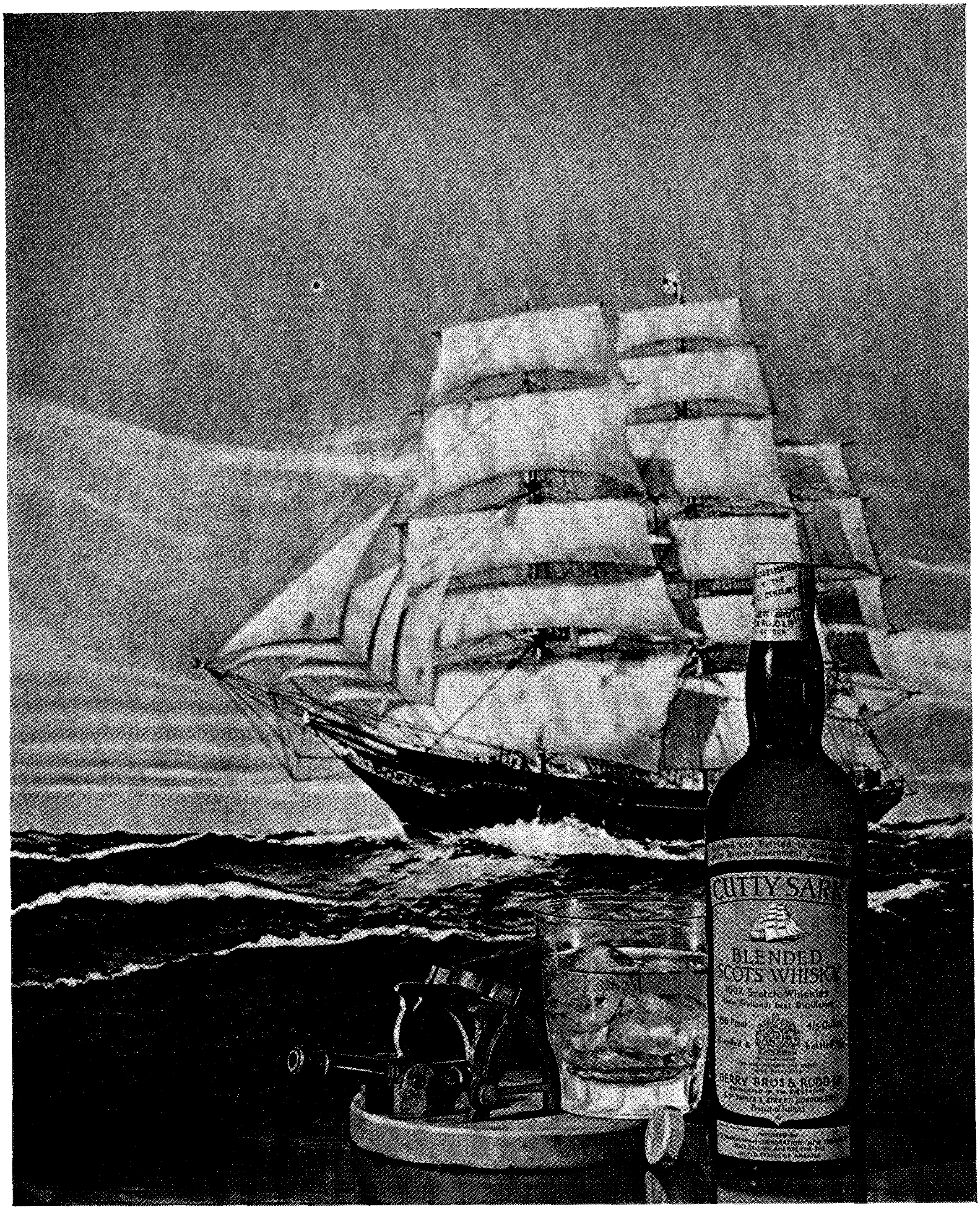
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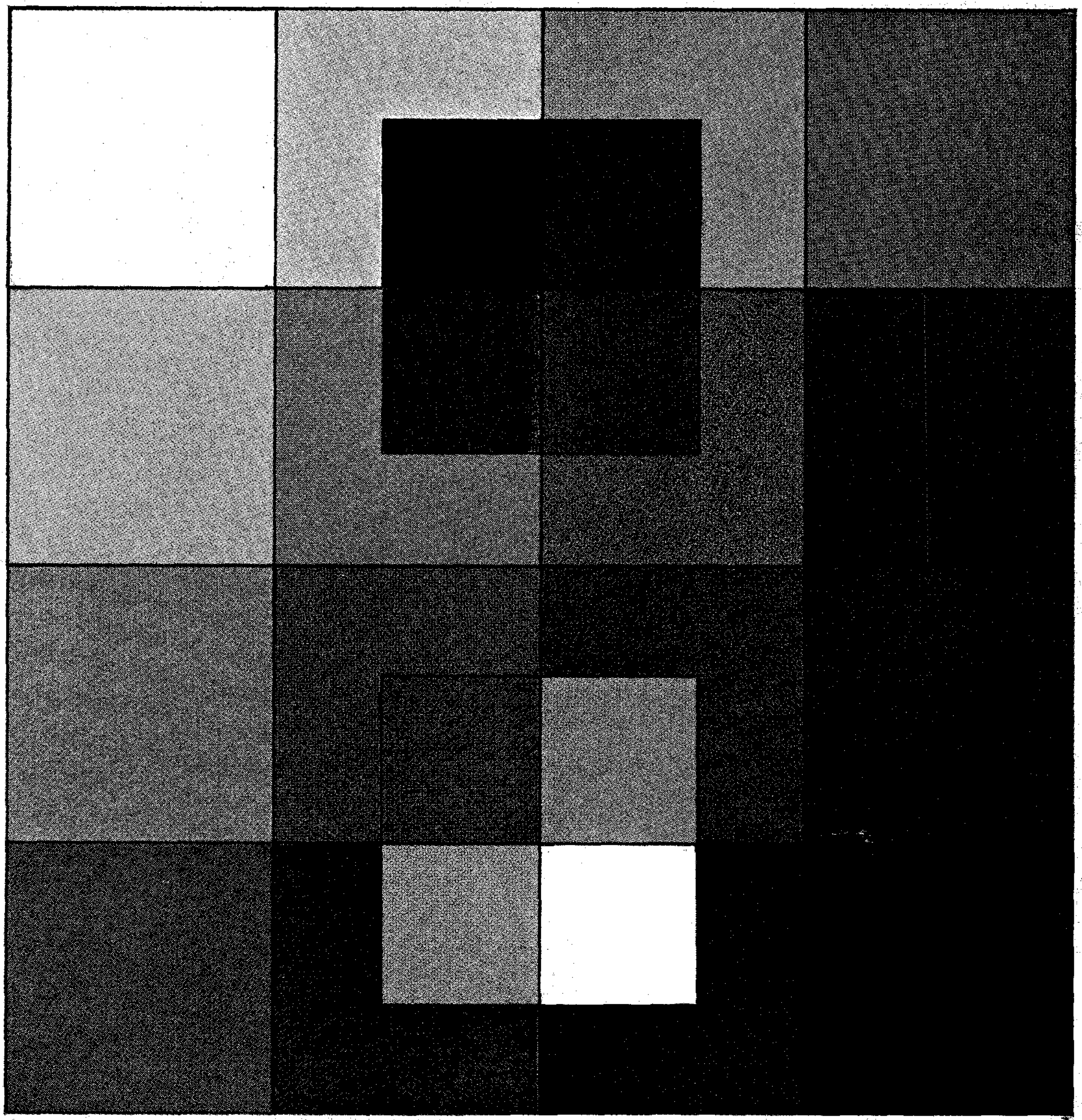

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